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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

LETTER FROM HON. THADDEUS STEVENS.

LANCASTER, PA., August 27, 1867.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS has so far recovered his health that he expects to start in a few days on a tour to the Upper Lakes. The following letter from him will appear in the *Examiner and Herald* to-morrow:

COL. SCHOCK TO MR. STEVENS.

COLUMBIA, Pa., August 24, 1867.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, Lancaster, Pa:

DEAR SIR: Several of your intelligent constituents in this region, no doubt from want of proper information, are complaining of mistakes made by Congress in not passing laws at the last session restraining the removal of certain officers engaged in reconstruction. I contended that you had passed an act at the very close providing for that very contingency, but which is not executed. Will you be so good as to inform me how far our representative is responsible for this omission, if omission it be? You know we are in the habit of dealing familiarly with the member from the Ninth. A brief answer will much much oblige your friend,

SAMUEL SCHOCK.

MR. STEVENS'S REPLY.

LANCASTER, PA., August 26, 1867.

Col. SAMUEL SCHOCK, Columbia, Pa:

DEAR SIR: You are right in supposing that Congress made mistakes, as is the inevitable lot of man; but you mistake in supposing that there is any law to prohibit the removal of the district commanders without the consent of the Senate.

Soon after the commencement of the last session of Congress I reported a bill from the Committee of the House of Representatives, which contained a provision prohibiting their removal without the consent of the Senate. It passed the House and was sent to the Senate. The Senate struck it out and returned it to the House, who refused to concur in the amendment. The result was a committee of conference, where an animated contest ensued. There were several other questions in controversy between the houses, which the House offered to yield if this could be granted. The Senate perseveringly refused, declaring that they would sooner loose the bill. As that would frustrate all our legislation it could not be allowed. The House yielded, with a warning of the evils it would inflict upon the country. Some of the members of the Senate seemed to doubt their power under the Constitution which they had just repudiated, and wholly outside of which all agreed that we were acting, else our whole work of reconstruction was usurpation; or, perhaps, they had a desire to be thought to be gravely conservative and magnanimous. These ideas seem to control the action of some half-a-dozen Senators, who preferred trusting the President.

My dear Colonel, a few Senators of great ability, undoubted patriotism and purity have become so saturated with what they are pleased to call *conservatism*—whose meaning, I confess, I am unable to understand—that I fear they will forget the monster that was slain in 1776 and again in 1861, and will thus do great damage to the creation of a government now so capable of being converted into a political paradise. This is liable to happen, not so much by a direct and palpable attack upon its framework as by gradually forgetting the vital principles of the Declaration of Independence. Strike out one of the living sparks which give life to our Goddess of Liberty, and the mysterious and intense heat, whose welding fires, near a century ago, and at present, are fusing the principles of freedom and reducing despotism to a cinder, will gradually cool, until the most conservative despot could thrust his sword into it without affecting its temper.

I have said above that I did not know the meaning of conservatism. I have since seen the report of a speech, said to have been made by an Ohio Senator at Canton, Ohio, which, if it be truly reported, and is to be considered as a definition of that doctrine, then it, to me, is very alarming—worse than copperheadism. It is legislation without authority, and reconstruction by usurpation.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY RECONSTRUCTION ACT—THE ARMY APPROPRIATION BILL AND THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

WE print below, the text of the supplementary Reconstruction act, and of the section in the Army Appropriation act, which limits the power of the President in some respects. These laws are likely to be discussed, and we print them for information.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That it is hereby declared to have been the true intent and meaning of the act of the second day of March, 1867, entitled 'an act to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States,' and of the act supplementary thereto, passed on the 23d day of March, 1867, that the governments then existing in the Rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas were not legal State Governments, and that thereafter said Governments, if continued, were continued subject in all respects to the military commanders of the respective districts, and to paramount authority of Congress.

"SEC 2, And be it further enacted, That the commander of any district named in said act shall have power, subject to the disapproval of the General of the Army of the United States, and to have effect until disapproved, whenever in the opinion of such commander the proper administration of said act shall require it, to suspend or remove from office, or from the performance of official duties and the exercise of official powers, any officer or person holding or exercising, or professing to hold or exercise, any civil or military office or duty in such district under any power, election, appointment, or authority derived from or granted by, or claimed under, any so-called State or the government thereof, or any municipal or other division thereof; and upon such suspension or removal such commander, subject to the disapproval of the General aforesaid, shall have power to provide from time to time for the performance of the said duties of such officer or person so suspended or removed, by the detail of some competent officer or soldier of the army, or by the appointment of some other person to perform the same, and to fill vacancies occasioned by death, resignation, or otherwise.

"SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that the General of the armies of the United States shall be invested with all the powers of suspension, removal, appointment, and detail granted in the preceding section to district commanders,

"SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That the acts of the officers of the army already done in removing in said districts persons exercising the functions of civil officers and appointing others in their stead are hereby confirmed. Provided, that any person heretofore, or hereafter appointed by any district commander to exercise the functions of any civil office may be removed either by the military officers in command of the district, or by the General of the Army.

"SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That the Boards of Registration provided for in the act entitled 'An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States," passed March 2, 1867, and to facilitate restoration,' passed March 23, 1867, shall have power, and it shall be their duty, before allowing the registration of any person, to ascertain upon such facts or information as they can obtain, whether such person is entitled to be registered under said act, and the oath required by said act shall not be conclusive on such question, and no person shall be registered unless such Board shall decide that he is entitled thereto; and such Board shall also have power to examine under oath (to be administered by any member of such Board), any one touching the qualification of any person claiming registration; but every case of refusal by the Board to register an applicant, and in every case of striking his name from the list as hereinafter provided, the Board shall make a note or memorandum, which shall be returned with the registration list to the Commanding General of the district, setting forth the ground of such refusal or striking from the list: Provided, that no person shall be disqualified as a member of any board of registration by reason of race or color.

"SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, That the true intent and meaning of the oath prescribed in said supplementary act is (among other things) that no person who has been a member of the Legislature of any State, or who has held any executive or judicial office in any State, whether he has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States or not, and whether he was holding such office at the commencement of the Rebellion, or had held it before, and who has afterward engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, is entitled to be registered or to vote, and the words 'executive and judicial officers in any State,' in said oath mentioned, shall be construed to include all civil officers created by law for the administration of any general law of a State, or for the administration of justice, or for the keeping of the public peace.

"SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That the time for completing the original registration provided for in said act may, in the discretion of the commander of any district, be extended to the first day of October, 1867; and the boards of registration shall have power, and it shall be their duty, commencing fourteen days prior to any election under said act, and upon reasonable public notice of the time and place thereof to revise, for a period of five days, the registration lists; and, upon being satisfied that any person not entitled thereto has been registered, to strike the name of such person from the list, and such person shall not be allowed to vote. And such Board shall also, during the same period, add to such registry the names of all persons who at that time possess the qualifications required by said act who have not been already registered. And no person shall at any time be entitled to be registered or to vote by reason of any Executive pardon or amnesty for any act or thing, which, without such pardon or amnesty, would disqualify him from registration or voting.

"SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, That section four of said last-named act shall be construed to authorize the Commanding General named therein, whenever he shall deem it needful, to remove any member of a board of registration and to appoint another in his stead, and to fill any vacancy in such board.

"SEC 9. And be it further enacted, That all members of said boards of registration, and all persons hereafter elected or appointed to office in said military districts, under any so-called State or municipal authority, or by detail or appointment of the district commanders, shall be required to take and subscribe the oath of office prescribed by law for officers of the United States.

"SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That no District Commander and member of the Board of Registration, or any of the the officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States.

"SEC. 11. And be it further enacted, That all the provisions of this act, and the acts to which this is supplementary shall be construed liberally to the end that all the intents thereof may be fully and perfectly carried out."

THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

Section 2 of the Army Appropriation act, approved by the President March 2, 1867, under protest, is as follows:

"SEC 2. And be it further enacted, That the headquarters of the General of the Army of the United States shall be at the City of Washington, and all orders and instructions relating to military operations, issued by the President or Secretary of War, shall be issued through the General of the Army, and, in case of his inability, through the next in rank. The General of the Army shall not be removed, suspended, or relieved from command, or assigned to duty elsewhere than at said headquarters, except at his own request, without the previous approval of the Senate; and any orders or instructions relating to military operations issued contrary to the requirements of this section shall be null and void, and any officer who shall issue orders or instructions contrary to the provisions of this section, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and any officer of the army who shall transmit, convey, or obey any orders or instructions so issued, contrary to the provisions of this section, knowing that such orders were so issued, shall be liable to imprisonment for not less than two nor more than twenty years, upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction.—*Tribune.*

GEN. WADE HAMPTON'S LETTER ON THE SITUATION.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON having been solicited by a number of prominent citizens for his views as to the duty of the people of South Carolina, in reference to its reorganization under the Military bills, replies in a long letter, arguing against the injustice and the unconstitutionality of the proposed measures. The following extracts—from his letter will show his views:

Has this policy of concession to unlawful demands been so productive of benefit that we still desire to pursue it? Are we prepared, for the sake of *expediency*—that fatal fallacy which has lured us so far on the road to destruction, that Trojan horse which has brought with it an Iliad of woes—to barter away the few rights remaining to us? Yet this is the course we must follow if we accept terms which we know to be contrary to the conditions on which we surrendered, which are inimical to all true reconciliations, and which are in open and palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States—of that Constitution which we swear to support, at the very moment we are grossly outraging its most sacred provisions. Would not those who vote for these laws, knowing them to be unconstitutional, be guilty of perjury? What good can come of laws which begin in fraud and can be carried into effect only by perjury? Let me not be understood as making any reflections on those Southern men who honestly and conscientiously advocate our acceptance of these military bills. Any divisions among us are to be deprecated, as it is as unwise as it is unkind to impugn the motives of men who, on many a field, have proved their devotion to the South. Especially do I regret the virulent attacks which have been made on that gallant soldier who so long and so ably led the illustrious First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. It has been his hard fate, in peace as in war, to be wounded by his own people. That charity which "hopeth all things," and a natural distrust of our own judgment, should make us treat the convictions of such men with at least kindly and proper consideration. But for those "who see the right, and yet the wrong persue," who while their country seems to be struggling in the throes of death, consult their own base fears and low instincts—who, to save their own vile property or still more vile persons, would degrade their State—who bid us accept dishonor as the price of safety—language has no terms strong enough to brand their infamy. They are as far beyond the reach of adequate punishment in this world as they are beneath the scorn and contempt of all honorable men. * * * It is scarcely necessary for me to say that, entertaining the views I have expressed, I think it far preferable the State should remain in its present condition, under military rule, than it should give its sanction to measures which we believe to be illegal, unconstitutional, and ruinous. It is my honest and firm belief, that the voluntary acceptance of these measures by our people would surely bring, not only to the South, but to the whole country, evils far greater than any we have yet suffered. The North, flushed with success, and drunk with power, may not be able to realize this fact; but as surely as the South falls a victim to irresponsible and unlicensed power, so surely will the North lose its liberties. Ruin to the South will react on the North, and if we are crushed into the dust, the Northern people will see but the foreshadowing of their own certain doom. Recoguize, as an established principle, the right of any political party that may be in the ascendancy to fix upon all who differ with them laws unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, and we shall begin that downward career which will lead us steadily through confusion, anarchy, and blood, to the certain overthrow of republican institutions and free government. Believing this, I regard it as the duty of every man, in the exercise of the right accorded to all by these military bills, to oppose their adoption by all lawful means. As the people have the privilege, then, of expressing either assent or dissent on this question, I advise them, earnestly to record the latter as fully and solemnly as possible. Let every man register, and cast his vote against the Convention, since the question will be made on that issue. * * * As it is of the last consequence to maintain the same amicable relations which have heretofore existed between the whites and the blacks, I cannot too strongly reiterate my counsel, that all classes should cultivate harmony and exercise forbearance. Let our people remember that the negroes have, as a general rule, behaved admirably, and that they are in no manner responsible for the present condition of affairs. Should they, in the future, be misled by wicked or designing men, let us consider how ignorant they necessarily are, and let us, only the more, try to convince them that we are their best friends. Deal with them with perfect justice, and thus show that you wish to promote their advancement and enlightenment. Do this, and the negroes will not only learn to trust you, but they will soon appreciate the fact so evident to us, that we can do without them far better than they can do without us. On a late public occasion, where many of you were present, I expressed my perfect willingness to see impartial suffrage established at the South, and I believe that this opinion is entertained, not only by a large majority of the intelligent and reflecting whites, but also of the same class among the blacks. I deprecate universal suffrage, not only on general principles, but especially in the case before us, because I deny the right of Congress to prescribe the rules of citizenship in the States. The Supreme Court has decided that a negro is *not* a citizen of the United States, and Congress cannot reverse that decision by an act. The States, however, are competent to confer citizenship on the negro, and I think it is the part of wisdom that such action should be taken by the Southern States. We have recognized the freedom of the blacks, and have placed the fact beyond all probability of doubt, denial, or recall. Let us recognize in the same frank manner, and as fully, their political rights also. For myself, I confess that I am perfectly willing to see a constitution adopted by our State, conferring the elective franchise on the negro, on precisely the same terms as it is to be exercised by the white man, guarding against the abuse of this privilege by establishing a slight educational and property qualification *for all classes.*

A PAGE OF HISTORY FROM A LIVING WITNESS.

LIFE IN SOUTHERN PRISONS.

To the Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette:

SIR: My attention has been called to a letter written by an ex-rebel, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, August 7th, giving his experience in Northern prisons, and by way of comparison I shall give you a brief sketch of my experience in Southern prisons, with thousands of others of those who suffered for our cause—the salvation of this Union.

On the 22d of July, 1864, I was taken prisoner in front of Atlanta, Georgia, by Gen. Wheeler's cavalry. In a few minutes I was stripped of hat, boots, money, and penknife, and then had to go it barefooted and keep up with these men on horseback. Before we got to Jonesboro they turned us over to the infantry. At Jonesboro each of us received two hard tacks and a small slice of pork. This was all we got to eat till we reached Andersonville—a period of five days. Here we were driven into the slaughter pen, with Capt. Wirz (shame to his memory) to help our tired and sick boys through the gate with his foot, for I assure you, it was with some reluctance that we entered this *hell* on earth, as we had heard from it before; but we knew not the first part, as experience afterward proved to us. There were then in the inclosure (17 acres) thirty-one thousand Union soldiers, according to rebel caculation.

The next morning after we arrived in Andersonville I went down a small ravine to wash. There I combed out of my hair nine big live maggots. We had no barracks or shelter of any kind, not even a dog-tent, while Capt. Wirz's bloodhounds were provided with good quarters and had enough to eat to keep them in good running order, as many of our boys could testify.

After dusk the ground in many places had the appearance of being covered with a light drift of snow, the worms (maggots) were so thick, crawling around ready to feast on the sores of our sick and dying. I have seen dozens of our men lying around with these worms working in their flesh, before life was yet extinct. Confed. G. F. O'B., how does this compare with your treatment at Old Castle William and Fort Delaware? No man or set of men need preach up to me that they could use us no better, for I saw many fields of corn in shock, and large piles in sacks in the vicinity of Andersonville.

They could at least have given us enough bread, but instead we got half a pint of sour corn-meal ground with cob, and two spoonsful of rice; when we got no meal our ration was one pint of black peas, full of bugs, and two spoonsful of molasses. I have often seen the boys skim off the bugs while the peas were boiling, and eat them for meat—glorious sweet pork this—but we thought it excellent when we could get nothing better. For the first two weeks we got occasionally a small piece of fresh beef. After this we got no meat of any kind, except the pea bugs. The water we had to drink was impure and filthy. We had no blankets; mother earth was our bed, the canopy of heaven our covering; but the stars looked down upon us and smiled, and by their brightness were we cheered, trusting in God and the strong arm of our nation to deliver us from these portals of death and hell.

Our treatment was severe. I could narrate many bloody scenes of barbarous cruelty, but enough has been said by thousands of those who suffered in the prison pens of the South to convince every loyal man who desires the truth. I do not give this statement for the purpose of justifying any ill treatment of rebel prisoners—if such they received—but simply that a true comparison may be given to the public between life in our Northern prisons and confinement in Southern prisons.

ISAIAH ROSE,
Late Private Co. F. 63d O. V. I.

JOHN M. LANGSTON AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE following story is told by the Washington correspondent of the *Times:*

"On Saturday last John M. Langston, the well-known colored lawyer, hearing that the President had expressed a desire to see him, called upon him, whereupon Mr. Johnson said: 'I have determined to remove Gen. Howard; he must go soon; I have reason to believe that he is running his Bureau as a political, partisan and sectarian machine, and further, sir, I am prepared to give that place to a good colored man if your people will indicate such a man.' During the whole interview, Mr. Langston says, the President intimated that he would like to have him accept the place. He finally said: 'I have decided that Gen. Howard shall be removed, and that I will give the place to a colored man if a good one is presented; and I will give you until the first of the week to see me upon this subject.'

"This morning Mr. Langston called upon Gen. Grant at his office in the War Department, and stated to him the substance of his interview with the President, and then asked Gen. Grant's opinion as to the propriety of his accepting the office. The latter replied that he thought, under the circumstances, that it was unadvisable for him, in every respect, to accept the office of Commissioner. He thought, if Gen. Howard should be removed, Mr. Langston could not hope to give greater satisfaction to the Bureau. Gen. Grant further said that he was fully satisfied that Gen. Howard had done his best and that he had committed no act which would not bear rigid scrutiny; but if he, Gen. Grant, were to remain as Secretary of War, and Mr. Langston should be appointed to the position, he would aid him to the extent of his ability. Gen. Grant, in conclusion, said nothing had been said to him about Gen. Howard's removal; but if it were accomplished, he thought, for the reason already stated, that it would be inexpedient, and of no practical benefit to the colored race for Mr. Langston to accept it under existing circumstances.

"Mr. Langston said to Gen. Grant: 'I now ask that you will do everything that you can to keep Gen. Howard at the head of the Bureau, for the good of my people and for the friendship I have for him. Further, sir, I am fully satisfied that Gen. Howard has administered the affairs of that Bureau in the most conscientious manner, and looking only to the good of the colored people and the government. I cannot, therefore, consent to take this position; and further, I desire to say that I will not accept it, believing it to be offered to effect the removal of Gen. Howard and to embarrass the interests of my race.'"

THE SOUTH.

TENNESSEE.

COLORED VOTERS.

JACKSON, Tenn., was the scene of high-handed and law-defying aggression and violence, directed against the colored voters, at the election on the 1st ult. A thousand armed men marched to the place, drove away the State militia, seized the certificates from the freedmen, overawed the judges of election, drove the commissioners from the town and took possession of the voting places. The most horrible outrages are reported to have been committed upon the negroes. Leading Union men were obliged to flee for their lives. A force is organizing to restore law and order.

THE PROSCRIBED FREEDMEN.

The Bureau authorities are vigilant in taking care of the negroes who have been thrown out of employment. Judge John Lawrence, formerly connected with the Bureau, has just been appointed by Gen. Carlin to take charge of the proscribed freedmen in Middle Tennessee. He is to use every exertion to secure employment for them, no matter where found. In his instructions Gen. Darlin says: "If necessary, advertise by telegraph, and in the papers both North and South, that laborers can be supplied by yourself. If it is necessary to ship any beyond the State, to prevent their becoming a charge to the government, transportation will be furnished from Washington. You can take possession of the contraband barracks, and establish a depot there for all who have not homes. The colored people, the leagues, the colored relief societies, as well as all good citizens, can do something to alleviate the hardships that must result from the wholesale proscription." Accompanying these instructions Judge Lawrence will appeal through the paper to the people of the State, urging forbearance and toleration towards the freedmen.

RIOT IN RHEA COUNTY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug 30.

In Washington, Rhea County, East Tennessee, on Wednesday, the blacks and whites got into a fight, when the negroes were driven from the town. Getting assistance of the Loyal League, the blacks returned to the town, and renewed the fight with varying success. A number of persons were wounded. Fears are entertained of a general collision in that quarter.

GEORGIA.

NO FREEDMEN TO BE ALLOWED IN THE CONVENTION—GEN. POPE AND THE STAY LAW.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 30.

The *Chronicle and Sentinel* asserts, on the authority of members of the Board of Registers, that private instructions have been issued that no freedmen will be permitted to take seats in the approaching Convention.

MARYLAND.

TROUBLES AT POINT LOOKOUT.

A Washington paper says that information has been received at the headquarters of the Freedmen's Bureau to the effect that the late owners of the property at Point Lookout, Md., recently purchased through a Miss Baker as a site for an asylum for disabled soldiers, have disturbed the new occupiers of the land, and threatened to eject them therefrom. Gen. Howard addressed a communication to Gen. Grant requesting that a corporal and a few men be sent to that point to keep the peace and prevent any molestation of the parties in possession of the premises. Is is not definitely known what action Gen. Grant has taken in regard to the matter.

NORTH CAROLINA.

MOB LAW IN EDENTON, N. C.—A REBEL MURDERER RELEASED.

A correspondent of the Raleigh *Standard*, writing from Edenton, says: "We had a case of mob law in our old quiet town last night. A party of desperadoes visited the jailor's house, within 20 or 30 feet from the jail, knocking at his front door at about 12 o'clock, and upon his coming down stairs with a light, inquiring at his front door who was there, the back door was broken open, and a rush made at him, his light blown out, pistols pointed at him, and the jail and fetter keys demanded, threatening to kill him if he did not give them up. He told them they were up stairs on his bureau, when a party rushed up, and finding Mrs. Feagan in the room, told her if she made any noise they would blow out her brains. Three remained keeping guard over her, and a number over her husband, until the jail was opened, and the prisoner released with his fetters taken off. The prisoner's name is Thomas Pratt, and he was placed in jail for shooting and killing an old negro man for contradicting a statement Pratt was making about him."

PUNISHMENT FOR WHIPPING A FREEDWOMAN—A REVOLTING STORY OF INHUMANITY.

Gen. Sickles has approved the sentences passed upon two white men in North Carolina for whipping a colored woman. In February last, Abram Jenkins, a justice of the peace, and George H. Mitchell took a girl named Phillis Ruffin from a schoolhouse near Harmon's Cross Roads in North Carolina, and conveyed her to an adjacent piece of woods, where they inflicted one hundred and twenty-six lashes upon her. They were arrested and tried before a military court at Plymouth, N. C., in June, and sentenced as follows: Jenkins to be confined at Hard labor for one month and fined twenty dollars; Mitchell to be confined at hard labor for three months, and fined seventy-five dollars.

Gen. Sickles, in approving this sentence, says:

"It appears that the daughter of one of the prisoners, having attempted to beat a young colored girl, met with resistance, which became successful, and resulted in the chastisement of the white by the black. This unlooked-for reversal of a long accustomed relation filled the neighborhood with consternation and rage. Couriers passed to and fro from farm to farm, inflaming the temper of the people, and concerting measures to produce terror among the negroes. A meeting of citizens was convened at a schoolhouse near the residences of the parties. The accused were among those assembled. The magistrate Jenkins was invited to lend the sanction of his presence, and did so. Phillis, the young freedwoman, was sent for. Dragged before this self-constituted conclave of angry men, whom she had been accustomed from infancy to call masters, some of whom she now heard urging her incarceration, while one swore she would be hung, and all agreed that she must be imprisoned or whipped, the frightened girl exclaimed that she had rather be whipped than go to jail. This was taken as the expression of the assent, which they desired. Some sort of writing was drawn up called an indenture, by which Phillis, having signed it, was made to bind herself as an apprentice to one Mrs. Harmon, who thereupon consented that her so-called ward should be flogged.

"Quite enough was thought to have been then conceded to the mockery of legal formalities, and the impatient assemblage, consisting of all the prisoners who have been convicted, except the magistrate, hastened to execute the penalty awarded. Phillis was conducted into an adjacent wood, where, at a spot some sixty yards remote from the road, she was halted and told to take down her dress. She not obeying with alacrity, one of the prisoners snatched it off her shoulders. Stripped to her waist, except of her chemise, she was then whipped by five of these men in succession, by whom, according to the testimony of one of them, one hundred and twenty-six lashes were inflicted upon her half-naked body, with rods three feet long and one-half to three-eighths of an inch thick. Her garment was cut through and through; blood ran from the wales raised on her lacerated back; one gash in her flesh, three days after, showed four inches in length; the heavy blows fell upon her person at random; she was pushed; she was pulled; she was kicked in the abdomen; till at last it seems that one of the accused, an applauding bystander, not utterly insensible to the sufferings and sex of the wretched victim, was so far touched by the spectacle of her torture that the cry was wrung from him, 'Boys, don't hurt her breast!'

"Having satiated their savage vengeance, her tormenters, fatigued by their exertions, withdrew; not, however, without considering the proposal of one of their number to return and give her ten more lashes each, to stop her screaming. Finally, the poor child, wounded and groaning, was permitted to make her way to the house of her mistress, where for days she suffered, scarcely able to crawl to her unremitted task, or even to wear her clothes without pain. In the revolting crime thus briefly outlined, all of these prisoners are shown to be eager participants. In the interest of outraged justice, it is to be deplored that the perpetrators have been adjudged to undergo punishments so inadequate to the enormity of the offence.

"The proceedings and findings are approved, and in view of the delay, which would result from revision, the sentences are approved, and the common jail at Plymouth is designated as the place of confinement. The commander of the post of Plymouth will see that the sentences are executed.

"By command of Maj.-Gen. D. E. Sickles, J. W. Clous, Capt. 38th United States Infantry, A. D. C., and A. A. A. G."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* well says, "It would have been better in this case to have made the penalty exactly equal to the offence, and give each of these gentlemanly brutes 126 lashes on the bare back."

THE PRESS.

PROCLAMATION OF AMNESTY.

The *Herald*, from zealously advocating Impeachment, has become the special champion of President Johnson, and that he may become a still greater "Impediment," urges that he should at once proclaim universal amnesty. Behind this, it claims that Congress could not go. The proclamation, it is reported, will soon be made. The *Tribune* makes the following comment:

The President, it is said, is about to issue a new proclamation of amnesty. It is well to be magnanimous, but it does not follow, even though the *Herald* asserts it, that the President's pardon nullifies the laws. The President may pardon so far as to absolve individual rebels from punishment, but cannot remove the disabilities imposed upon classes. The Reconstruction acts do not punish in the accepted meaning of the term, but lay down certain precautions and restrictions, and these disabilities the law expressly provides shall not be removed by reason of any Executive pardon. Mr. Johnson may proclaim universal amnesty, but so long as reconstruction is imperfect the disqualifying clauses of the law will be enforced.

The New York *Evening Post*, which has hitherto opposed, now leans toward Impeachment. In an article entitled

PETTIFOGGING AT WASHINGTON,

it says:

There is now, it seems, a dispute as to Grant's powers under the army appropriation and supplementary reconstruction acts.

Mr. Johnson appears to be surrounded by a set of fly-dirt critics, whom he employs to scan, measure, weigh, probe, divide, dissect, analyze, and finally as far as possible to explain away and dissolve into nothing every act of Congress which does not happen to please him. We are fast returning to the days of Buchanan, who, with the help of the Hon. Jeremiah Black, tried to do for the Constitution of the United States what Mr. Johnson, with the aid of some equally owlish helpers, is trying to do for acts of Congress.

Mr. Buchanan reached the highest point of wisdom attainable by such addled brains, when he declared that under the Constitution no State had a right to secede, but at the same time the Federal government had no right to prevent it. Mr. Johnson, who puts people every day, of late, more and more in mind of Buchanan, now declares with precisely similar wisdom, that though Gen. Grant has from Congress authority to appoint and remove civil officers, as he pleases, in the Southern States, yet he has no authority to tell the department commanders whom to appoint or remove.

That is as though Mr. Johnson should say: "Certainly, 2 † 2=4; but to the formula 1 † 1 † 2=4 I will by no means agree."

Congress passed a reconstruction act which, with a supplement, it believed would, if fairly and faithfully executed, according to the plain meaning of the words and the clear and well-known intentions of Congress, suffice to complete the work of reconstruction. Experience showed, between March and July that in some particulars it required amendment, to secure what Congress intended. Thereupon it was amended by another supplement, in July, partly explanatory and partly additional. In this, Mr. Stanbery's "opinion" was overruled by an explicit declaration of who should vote; and the power of removing civil officers without trial, which was certainly not conferred in the original act, was distinctly given to the department commanders, and to the General of the army; and, to prevent further interference of the President, it was enacted that "no district commander or member of the board of registration, or any of the officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States."

Since Congress adjourned the President has been engaged in attempts to pick a hole in this act, and make it of no effect. He appears to forget that it is the duty of the Executive to regard and administer the laws, not in the spirit of a pettifogger hired to use his ingenuity for the purpose of defeating the intentions of a law, but in the broad and upright spirit of an honorable and obedient citizen. Society would be dissolved, justice would perish, and crime and anarchy would triumph, if all laws were executed in the spirit which the President brings to the execution of these important acts of Congress. It is not possible to so frame laws and constitutions that pettifoggers, if they will, cannot pick flaws in them. Language is an imperfect instrument, and no law covers all the cases or points which one determined to defeat it can bring.

But Mr. Johnson ought to know that the people are not content to see the laws defeated. Mr. Buchanan proved to his own satisfaction, that the Constitution gave him no power to resist treason, or put down rebellion; that on the contrary it justified him in folding his hands and suffering the country to fall to pieces. But his method of interpreting the Constitution has not obtained such general sanction or approval, as to encourage other public men to adopt it.

Mr. Johnson's recent course is, we notice, persuading the country of one thing: That it is not wise to attempt to tie the hands of the Chief Executive; that all such attempts must more or less fail of their object; and that when the nation, and the Congress, have to do with an Executive who is determined to obstruct instead of executing the laws, the only wise course is to impeach and remove him.

Many of the ablest journals in the country, who have hitherto advised against impeachment, and who still oppose it on the grounds brought forward by Mr. Ashley and others, now begin to urge it upon the general ground that the President obstructs the operation of the laws, and seeks to do his own individual will, in opposition to that of the nation, as represented in Congress; and that in such circumstances it is useless and probably mischievous to attempt to hamper and check him by laws, which he will manage to evade, and pick holes in; but that in such a case the wisest course is to use the power of impeachment and removal provided in the Constitution. The language of the press, East and West, shows that this opinion is gaining ground among the most thoughtful exponents of public opinion.

COPPERHEAD RECONSTRUCTION.

The New York *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*—which was openly, ardently in sympathy with the rebels throughout the war—presents its programme as follows:

Now, the States of the *North* are pretty evenly divided. A few thousand votes changed would turn the political scale in favor of the Democrats. There is good hope this will be done in Pennsylvania and Ohio in October. In Kentucky, it is confessedly, all one way, and that Democratic. If a small modicum of good sense is shown in New York, and Thurlow Weed's and his man Seward's affiliation is spurned, New York, next November, is safe for the Democratic party.

With the North so evenly balanced, the South—if relieved from the military despotism weighing on it, and freely speaking, according to its constitutional rights—could bring us all the aid we need!

Except one thing! We despair of any act of courage on the part of President Andrew Johnson! He has blundered from the beginning. He was no statesman, or he would never have required the Southern States to disown themselves as he did. He set Congress the example of disowning States, with regularly elected governments.

Even yet, at whatever hour the President would have the talent and the courage to summon the country, he could have it! The country, as a whole, would support him in a direct appeal—asking, as of exigence, and for the "life of the nation," that they would assemble and elect Delegates, Representatives, or what nots! The great majority of the legitimate voting population of this, now, one nation are against Congress. Things are run as if States were not different from counties, in organic power! The "nation" is now as if it were one!

Very well, then. Gathering North and South together, it is unquestionable that the "will of the people" is for putting an end to the present bogus Congress! Lincoln and his Cabinet trampled on institutions certainly more sacred than the Rump Congress, to "save the Nation's life!" If Andrew Johnson was not a piteous coward, seeing the efforts of a Rump Congress, that he himself has denounced as bogus, trying to unseat him—if he was a man of capacity and of courage, he would disperse this Congress, when it tries to meet again, without the Southern States being represented in it! He would tell them "the Lord don't want them!"

He would at once summon the lawful voters of all the States, to assemble and elect Representatives to an *extraordinary* Congress! He would see that, not only Kentucky, but every State that complied with his extraordinary summons, and elected Representatives was represented in that new Congress. This would, of course, be *abnormal.* But everything political is abnormal, in this country, at present! This new Congress would be a Constitutional Convention, in fact. It would settle, and re-adjust, a number of questions, that are, at present, out of order. It would, for example, in a nation that no longer depends on the agreement of separate States, put an end to the nonsense of New England having twelve Senators, and New York, with an equal population, having only two! It would knock the six New England States into one, and compel New England to submit to it, "to save the nation's life!" It would give to New England *her own medicine,* and plenty of it!

The New York *Times,* we are glad to see, foreshadows Impeachment as the only sure remedy for Johnson's misrule. When the *Times* gets thus far along the event must be near at hand. It says:

THE QUESTION OF RELATIVE AUTHORITY—A PITIFUL DISPUTE.

The dispute raised by the President touching the powers of the General-in-Chief under the Reconstruction acts is characteristic and in the last degree discreditable. It is another illustration of the disingennous spirit that prevails at the White House in regard to the interpretation of Congressional enactments. And it exemplifies the dishonesty of Mr. Johnson in all that he has done or proposes to do on the subject of reconstruction under the existing laws.

With the help of pettifoggers, it seems, Mr. Johnson has discovered that the supplementary act of the special session is in certain respects susceptible of an interpretation favorable to his pretensions. By some looseness of language a pretext is alleged to be afforded for the opinion that the act does not confer on Gen. Grant the plenary powers with which public opinion has endowed him. The prevailing idea is that, under the law, the General has absolute authority over the work of reconstruction—that he is, in fact, its administrator, clothed with all the powers and attributes essential to its efficiency. The President, however, with Mr. Buchanan's Attorney-General at his back, insists that an exact rendering of the terms of the law limits Grant's power to the single question of removals, and does not authorize him to instruct the district commanders; that this, one of the vital points of reconstruction, remains subject to the orders of the President alone.

Evidently, the difficulty thus raised by Mr. Johnson is a mere device to defeat the purpose of the law, and for the time to gain a factious advantage over Congress. Mr. Johnson does not pretend, nor can any man pretend, that the version he gives to the law harmonizes with the intentions of Congress. There is no room for difference of opinion as to what these intentions were. It is not denied in any quarter that Congress designed to confer absolute authority on Gen. Grant—to invest him with suspensory power over the whole matter—to make him the responsible administrator and the final judge in all affairs pertaining to the reconstruction plan. These being the admitted purposes of Congress—these the admitted ideas conveyed by a broad and general consideration of the statute—Mr. Johnson has no right to go beyond or behind them, and to profit by slight verbal omissions or vagueness which Congress, in its haste, may have committed. A Five Points lawyer would be expected to resort to tricks of this kind. The professional knave who studies law only that he may frustrate its provisions would be at liberty to profit by the most trivial blunder in the wording of an act. But Mr. Johnson, as the President, is not privileged to govern the country according to the notions of the Tombs' lawyers, or to fight Congress with weapons furnished by pettifoggers. His duty is to accept the law according to its manifest purpose—to accept the declared and well-understood objects of Congress as the key to the interpretation of its enactments—and to disregard all flaws that are at variance with their general scope and aim.

The fact that Mr. Johnson refuses to recognize this conception of his duty, and prefers instead to obey the promptings of mercenary adherents and unscrupulous pettifoggers, is proof that he can no longer be entrusted with the administration of the law. The functionary who examines the law simply that he may bring it to naught, by that circumstance demonstrates his unfitness for his office. And the Executive who assails authority which Congress intended to make independent of him, and employs the accidental advantages of a constitutional position to pick holes in measures formed to provide for the safety and unity of the Republic, provokes the exercise of harsher means of restraint than have yet been employed against him.

FAITHLESSNESS OF CONGRESS ON IMPEACHMENT.—The Philadelphia *City Item* bears this testimony. Is it true or false?

Both Mr. Randall and Mr. Stevens are right. The President will not be impeached. They dare not do it. The men who represent us in Washington—many of them—are beggars or cowards, or both. They court Andrew Johnson for office for their family and friends, to each member of his Cabinet they crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning. One wants his son in the navy, another would send his nephew to the military academy, a third would have his brother or cousin made consul, and so on to the end of the story. One-fourth, perhaps one-third, of the men who go down to Washington sell out to Johnson & Co. at a very low figure. To some extent this has always been the case. Men are bought and sold in Washington just as sheep are bought and sold in our market. Mr. Rand

ment, and Mr. Stevens (the grandest old man of the nation) agrees with him! So, you see, if this country comes to grief, it will be owing to the cowardice and venality of a portion of this Republican Congress, who dare not impeach the President!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

DUNCES.

GRANT, at last, has spoken and—blundered. How he stalked into the Secretaryship, his friends boasting his great power to prevent mischief! What mischief has he prevented? None. The only power he claimed against the President, a moment's thought obliges him to renounce. This is our "*practical*" Statesman, whose first move is a blunder! This was our St. Michael whose resistless sword was to mow down the Satan of the fallen host! Instead of that we find that he does not even know how to draw it!

The great popular leader sinks to be only the President's Secretary issuing orders he abhors; sits like "ancient Pistol" eating his leek and grumbling! Was ever boastful promise followed by such miserable failure? The General of the United States is to-day a weed caught in the Presidential maelstrom and, unless some better brains than his own come to the rescue, sure soon to be swallowed in the vortex. Let no Grant-man after this call Johnson a clumsy knave; he has found wit enough to befool the model leader, whose silence passed for the highest wisdom—the puff of whose cigar was statesmanship. Once before, there was an animal which passed for a lion till he spoke.

Grant's friends excused the shame of his taking Stanton's office on the ground that he got thereby so much power to prevent mischief. What power to prevent mischief has he gained by becoming Secretary? Absolutely none. His remonstrances are wholly disregarded; he is obliged, as *Secretary*, to issue orders he dislikes and wait till, as *General*, he can do something to avert their sad results. Evidently then he has *gained* no beneficial power by taking the War Department. Has he, by such an act, assumed a position which teaches the people? What valuable lessons do the people learn from the sight of their admired and trusted leader befooled into this sorry plight by brains so muddled that when, as *Secretary*, Grant remonstrates against a measure, Johnson, forgetting that Grant is anything but a *General*, charges him with "*insubordination!*" As if a Cabinet officer could be guilty of "insubordination!" We challenge the South to produce a negro as unfit to vote as this man shows himself to preside over a Cabinet.

Grant has not, as Secretary, averted any mischief. Has he by taking the office roused and taught the people? To fasten public attention more thoroughly on this plotted treason, to rouse them to their duty, is worth anything but sacrifice of conscience. Has Grant done this great public duty by taking Stanton's office? Does chagrin at seeing his ignorance; does disgust at witnessing the President's paltry triumph over him teach them the needed lesson? Every thoughtful man sees that so far as Grant's influence is concerned the loyal masses are weaker to-day than yesterday. If Grant had indignantly protested against Stanton's suspension and refused to accept the place, that would have roused and taught the people and made him President of the United States on a just platform. Instead of this the people see to-day that Grant rushed forward to help oust Stanton, supposing himself to possess a power of controlling the District Commanders which he now confesses he has no title to. He stands before the public convicted, at once, of ignorance of his own duties and faithlessness to his friend.

As matters stand the only advantage the masses gain from this event is one more hollow idol broken—one more sham exploded. Grant joins McClellan, to stand forever in history among the "might have been." We by no means undervalue this gain. But the present business of the nation is neither to break nor to mend idols. Our present business is to save the loyalty of the South from plunder and death. In this great emergency it appears that neither the XXXIXth nor the XLth Congress had sense enough to draw a statute that would hold water. If Grant be a blunderer he has scores of comrades in the last and present Congress.

If 1861 will stand in our history as the year of Treason, 1867 will surely be marked, on the same page, as the year of Dunces. Treason no doubt flourishes to-day in Washington, but incompetency is the dominant characteristic which disgusts the nation and amuses the world. If the real government is shown at Washington, then it is demonstrated that Democracy is a failure. A Head of the State who would long ago have wrecked it, had not Heaven graciously provided that he should be even weaker than he was wicked. A Congress—fit body to fit head—ruled by a conservatism which modestly assumes to represent the calm wisdom of the nation and smiles, Malvolio like, on its critics, as sentimentalists! The result of this *wisdom*, a code which, worse than the old sarcasm, not only lets the big villains through, but cannot even catch the small ones.

What can we expect of practical common sense from a Senate which follows Fessenden, as a leader; a man of whom it may be truly said that the nation has taken *no one* important and critical step since 1861 which his influence or vote did not resist, until popular good sense shamed him out of his folly or marched to its purpose over his opposition. Yes. Mr. Fessenden's Senatorial record is a record of fruitless opposition to every measure on which the nation's safety rests to-day. He *has never* been right, even by accident, at the first presentation of any critical measure. He has either voted against it or been felt against it, skulking behind his tools. Events have always proved him mistaken. In this race he has never "come to time." His wisdom has always been what the French call "the wisdom of the staircase"—coming to appreciate matters one moment too late. His statesmanship consists in "proposing nothing and opposing everything." Yet half the Senate allow him to do their thinking. Edmunds is his tool and Conkling his parrot. And this mole had power enough, spite of Stanton's and Grant's and Sumner's and Stevens's entreaty to leave the President with the power of removing Sheridan, and to tie the hands of Congress till November!

The result we see. Congress tongue-tied and hand-cuffed till November: obliged to stand silent by and see Johnson trample on its laws. Loyalty hunted and trembling all over the South. A law so clumsily devised that it cannot be executed without bringing the great powers of government into collision. A General selected and left in Washington to represent and protect the nation, and found, when the emergency occurs, not to know enough to be fit to be left alone!

These be our "*practical* men," my masters! These are the fruits of Fessenden-statesmanship! Behold the wisdom of Conservatism! Give us next time a taste of the folly of Radicalism—we cannot be worse off, *may* be better; at any rate a change would be a relief.

There are yet men so timid and thoughtless as to insist that those who vote shall first know how to read. We commend another provision to their notice, namely, that Generals, Senators and Presidents shall be obliged at least to say their catechism and repeat the multiplication table before assuming office.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

STOP THIEF.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued another proclamation. He affects to see "impediments" in the Carolinas. He does not specify, that we may know precisely what they are. Nor are there good reasons apparent for any proclamation at all at the present time. The greatest "impediment" is Mr. Johnson himself. We suspect this special parade of concern, on his part, about the "Constitution," "the authority of law," and the "integrity of the National Union" is intended, as the cry of "stop thief," to blind the public as to his own treachery. That Johnson intends serious mischief we have no doubt. We are advised through trustworthy sources, that he and his coterie are taking precautionary measures to so strengthen his position as to enable him to enter upon the experiment of resistance, if Congress shall attempt to impeach and depose him from office. The conviction that impeachment is necessary, as we have urged for many months, is rapidly gaining ground. Senators who have hitherto been reticent on the subject, now speak of it freely, in private, as both desirable and inevitable. We hear, from gentlemen eminent in official position, and most advantageously situated for observation, of Johnson's movements at Washington, that an open warfare between the President and Congress in the near future is by no means improbable. It is as a blind, the better to shield himself from close scrutiny, while maturing his treasonable schemes, we have no doubt, that the wordy proclamation just issued was put forth. Change a few indefinite lines about the Carolinas, and the same "whereases," and the body of the proclamation, would suffice for his use a little later to either prevent the assembling of Congress, or for its dispersion, if it proceed to impeachment, as an unconstitutional body. He shifts from vetoes to proclamations. Another proclamation, extending a general amnesty to red-handed rebels, it is said, is soon to be issued. No one understands better than the reckless usurper of the White House that this will be in defiance of the loyal people of the country. But one defiant step paves the way for another.

Thus far in his "new departure," commencing with Stanton's removal, Johnson has gained an easy victory over Grant, who was to be the people's hope in the absence of Congress. How far the Lietenant-General will allow himself to serve as a subordinate instrument of a treasonable usurpation remains to be seen.

The period for choosing a successor to the Presidency is, in the regular course of events, rapidly approaching. But a prior question is the deposition of the besotted tyrant now in office. Both the XXXIXth and the XLth Congress betrayed their trusts in their failure to remove him many months ago. Let the press, the pulpit, and popular conventions, with one voice, loudly demand of Congress that the impeachment and IMMEDIATE DEPOSITION of Johnson from office be its first business on reassembling.

THE SWORD OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

A WRITER in the Boston *Post* of last week had some strictures on what he is pleased to consider "Military Republicanism," animadverting on the opposition and displeasure generally felt on account of the President's removal of Gen. Sheridan and other efficient military officers.

As regards Sheridan, the ground of disapprobation at his removal is that, thereby, the energetic and resolute reconstructive policy, which he was so well maturing, has been capriciously disturbed and checkmated; and, if it be true, as the writer says, that "the law suffers no change by the act of removal, but is to be executed just as faithfully," then why remove him? Upon what plea does the President dare displace an officer whose "fidelity, bravery and patriotism" he has so commended, according to the showing of this very writer? It can only be by some Presidential caprice of which we have had quite enough, some personal whim, or partisan prejudice which relucts at the sterling and stringent application of that General's loyalty of principle, and would cripple its force. The time has come, therefore (yea, it had fully ripened long ago), for a vigorous protest against such Presidential usurpations, and a no less resolute maintenance of that reconstructive policy to which the "White House Accident" seems opposed. The remonstrance of our honored Senator, Charles Sumner, against the adjournment of Congress in such a crisis, and his demand that they should remain in session, is only intensified by all that has since transpired. It is manifest enough, now, even to those who had previously doubted, that the President is a conspirator against the peace and unity of this Republic; that he is aiming to make "confusion worse confounded," by playing into the hands of the South; that he means war with the North, has drawn the sword for that end, and is seeking in every way to embarrass and cripple the action of our Generals toward the needed reconstructive policy. And that being so, our sword (and God grant it may be only "the sword of the spirit") must cross his! And why is it so important that this policy of a Unitary government should be sustained? Plainly because of the evidence that the prevailing temper of the South is still that of disloyalty, restlessness, and resistance; because the virus of a pro-slavery purpose is still rankling there; because, under the chagrin of their late defeat on the battle-field, they are seeking every opportunity for reaction, in concert with a party (the Democratic) under no less chagrin at their defeat at the polls; because every relaxation of a wise military discipline is seen to be followed, at once, by rebellious plottings and purposes; and because, above all, the President himself is a mean autocrat, at this very hour contriving the partition and separation of the North and South! perchance in the hope of heading another Confederacy. Let this important principle of our policy, then, be reasserted and impressed—that the same necessity by which we were forced into a military resistance to the rebellion, still constrains us to a certain military vigilance and discipline over the defeated, till we have some assurance of their intent to obey the laws. Of course, under this grave exigency, the best officers are they who will most strictly and soberly apply this needed discipline of watchfulness, in accordance alike with the demands of a right rule and a humane consideration of the conquered foe. So far are we from thinking the "regime" thus inaugurated too severe, we have rather demanded, and still demand, its more resolute enforcement, whether by immediate Congressional acts of Impeachment, the demand for strict Southern obedience to the laws, and continued protests whether against the President's usurpations or Congressional shortcomings.

It was well said in the newspaper article to which we have referred (and it was quite a wholesome and frank confession for an old Democrat to make), "The true doctrine in the politics of our Republican system is 'measures, not men.'" What a pity it is, though, and how mortifying a fact, that neither of the existing competitive parties have been practically true to that principle! On the contrary, both have practically ignored and reversed it. We regret to say that in neither have we, as yet, seen that entire, manly and disinterested breadth of patriotic purpose so essential to the life and peace of this Republic and for which it cries out as with tears.

As Abolitionists, planting ourselves above the petty interests of mere party tactics, we have, of course, but little sympathy with either party as a party, and espouse the interests of neither except so far as we see in them unequivocal allegiance to the great principles so dear to us, "the rights of man," of all men, with uncompromising justice to all, and especially the so long outlawed freedmen. The writer to whom we have twice referred, seems to be quite in a shudder of discomfort at sight of the drawn sword, and is horror-stricken at what he calls "Military Republicanism," and says pathetically, "They who so shout aloud for freedom only answer the popular inquiries by pointing to the sword," etc. Well! and why not? What help is there for that? Who forced the sword upon the "lovers of freedom," and into their hands? How came it there? Who first took the sword? The enemies of freedom! And now that it has done its bloody work, reaping a harvest so different from what they had expected, and by the arbitration of a Divine Providence, which, "out of seeming evil educeth good," the friends of freedom and peace may well point to the sword and say, "There! Look at your chosen, hopeful sickle and see what further awaits you as by your own free choice, unless you 'cease to do evil and learn to do well.'" That sword was the umpire you yourselves selected. Do not complain, then, of its sharp adjudications, but see that you abide by its keen decisions! How often, for "two score years" or more, and with incessant pleadings, did the anxious Abolitionists come to this suffering nation, borne down so by a pro-slavery despotism, and, with an eloquence greater than that of Jeremiah, set forth its dangers and beseech the people to turn from that great wrong. How often have they cried out to the nation, We beseech you, beware of the suicidal sword upon which you are rushing! Oh, listen to us in season. Take heed of our arguments of justice, for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. We would save you from bloody retributions. Be warned in season. Put away this great evil of injustice before the sharp sword of its atonement cometh. But the people would not hear. The Jeshurun of the South waxed fat and insolent, and their sword was drawn as predicted. Let us no longer, then, be indifferent or blind to the verdicts so pressed upon us by every infringement of the divine laws, whether of Peace, Liberty, or Fraternity.

Ever since the world was, the decree of Heaven has been, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword;" in other words, they that commence a quarrel, must take the consequences thereof. The very motto on our State heraldic seal of Massachusetts, "*Ense petit placidam sublibertate quietem*," is the assurance that the repose and peace of a true government can be compassed and secured only by the sceptre of a wise and resolute rule, of which the sword is but a rude and coarse emblem. The sword, in fact, is but the last dire and grave necessity of an embarrassed people—"*le dernier resort.*" We expect, of course, it will be "a terror to evil doers." Indeed, it were well could it next swing round toward the "White House," before Andrew Johnson, by any more feats of legerdemain, has time to turn its edge, or swallow it whole. Well, indeed, if it might overawe him in the shape of Impeachment, or, as the premonition of a guillotine. And as to the sword of Gen. Grant, just now it might as well have a crape on the handle! It is, surely, no time, now, to fall back or abate the energies of our just rule or discipline, or to qualify our demands for equity and loyal policy when partisan craft is so rampant, and despotic intrigue at "headquarters" in the ascendant. If the "sword of the spirit" cannot have sway for the abatement of a nuisance, then some other sword must. There is the alternative! It is no time to cease remonstrance against wrong, merely because the wrong-doers do not like it. Naughty boys never do like the admonitory aspect of that "birch rod" which overhangs the schoolmaster's desk, as a precaution against truancy and disorder, nor will these other naughty ones, the restless Southerners, or the nervous and disappointed Northern Democrats, like the looks of reconstruction epaulettes on Republican shoulders, or the military discipline which, for a time, is so indispensable. But the only surety for their peace of mind, the only remedy for their discomfort is that they learn to keep quiet, and are no longer rebellious. Then will they realize that the so-called "Military Republicanism" has no other mission among them than Peace, Order, and Good Will.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR., of Leicester, sends us a letter, stating his dissent from the view Mr. Phillips takes of FRANCIS JACKSON'S probable wishes were he living. As we originally mentioned that he dissented and have also printed his comrade, Mr. Garrison's, reasons for such dissent—the document upon which the Master in Chancery largely relied—we see no occasion for printing Mr. May's letter. The only item he adds to the discussion is a statement of what he supposes were Mr. Jackson's feelings towards THE STANDARD; in regard to which Mr. May is entirely mistaken.

W. P.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Charles Sumner has sold his residence in Boston, intending to make his home the greater part of the time, in Washington.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the young colored artist, now in Rome, has finished a marble bust of Dr. Dio Lewis, which is now on its way to this country.

Parker Pillsbury, who is now in the city, will be in New York for a few weeks as acting Secretary of the Equal Rights Association, and in charge of the office of the Association at 37 Park Row.

Arthur Sketchly, the popular writer, journalist, and lecturer, left London, as announced by the English press, on the 24th inst., bound for this country. He comes in the Persia, and is due this week.

Mr. David Dudley Field sails for Europe to take part in an International Law Congress which he himself proposed last year, in which it is intended to take measures for the formation of a code of International law.

Gerrit Smith lately addressed a large concourse of citizens at Portland, Me., in favor of the Portland, Ogdensburgh, and Oswego Railroad, and advocating the construction of the Niagara Falls Ship Canal.

Mr. Sigismond Lasar, of No. 80 Cedar street, has, we are glad to notice, recently been appointed Commissioner, to reside in this city, for the several States of Tennessee, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, as well as Pennsylvania. He is also a Notary Public for procuring Passports, etc.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury has prepared two new lectures upon Woman Suffrage. Going through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa on her way to Wisconsin, she will lecture at different places where her services may be required. Address her: care Charles W. Greene, 1102 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. Alexander Clark, Editor of *Our School-Day Visitor*, Philadelphia, announces a new lecture entitled "A Man or a Monkey." Mr. Clark would be willing to make a few engagements for the lecture season. He is the Pastor of the first Methodist Church of Pittsburg, Pa., and may be addressed at that place. He edits a good paper and will doubtless give a good lecture.

Richard Greenwell of Seaford, Delaware, the man who, some years ago, after helping to lynch a negro in Denton, Maryland, "cut and carved him as though he were a beef," and then roasted and burned the pieces to ashes, preserving the right hand to carry home as a trophy, committed suicide on the 16th ult. He had suffered of late from a series of calamities. He did not believe in a future state of existence; and, the local papers say, would stand up with an open Bible in his hand and curse the God that made him, contending that blind chance formed and ruled the world."

Dr. C. C. Dusenberry and Mrs. Phebe Ferguson Tower, Magnetic and Water Cure physicians of this city, were married on the 1st, ult. in Chicago, by the Rev. Robert L. Collier. They have our best wishes for a full measure of happiness in their new relation. As physicians they are, as we can personally testify, unremitting in their efforts to serve and benefit others. They will receive, as they deserve, the hearty congratulations of numerous friends.

The *Commonwealth* announces Mr. W. W. Broom, Editor of the *Temple of Opinions* of this city, as among the candidates for Lyceum honors. It says:

Mr. W. W. Broom (of 1397 Broadway, New York) is open to engagements for managers of lyceums and others to lecture on "The Missions and Perils of America," "Sympathy, or Sketches of Character," "Alcoholic Drinks as Diet and Medicine," "Laws of Health," "Religion in its two-fold Manifestations and Influences," and "John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson—a story for young men." Mr. Broom is a studious thinker and an earnest speaker, and will gratify those lyceum committees who need a good lecturer at a reasonable price."

The last number of the *Commonwealth* in a notice of the approaching lecture season in Boston says:

"The "Old Bay State" managers announce a very attractive and early course. Mr. Gough opens it on the 3d day of October; his merits every one knows; then follows the sparkling Mr. Willetts of Philadelphia; J. F. Manning, a younger man and able, of Lowell, next; Dr Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") makes his first bow in Boston with wit and wisdom; Mr. Phillips is always a great attraction; Senator Yates of Illinois, a splendid speaker, lectures on Abraham Lincoln; Mrs. Rockwood of Natick, has youth, beauty and sound ability to recommend her; Bishop Simpson is a man of real genius, and already quite a favorite at the East; Mr. Vandenhoff is now at the climax of his fame as a reader and elocutionist; Miss Dickinson is too well-known to need a word of description; and Rev. Dr. Chapin closes the list with eloquence and gesticulation peculiar."

Mr. George W. Smalley, the *Tribune's* representative and special correspondent in London, in a letter dated the 17 th ult., writes:

"Here is a small out-of-the-way item which I beg to contribute to the woman question. Few people in America have ever seen, I suppose, Dr. James Henry's Book on Virgil, quaintly entitled, 'Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of Eneis.' The book is little known in England, though few works have here been printed so creditable to English classical scholarship. Mr. Conington, the latest, and perhaps ablest, English Editor of Virgil, found himself much indebted to Dr Henry, and acknowledges his debt, saying: 'There is freshness and originality in every page; a large number of the views are at once novel and sound, and the illustrations from other authors are good and apposite.' Henry's preface explains his title page. He had really spent twelve years of research and of travel upon the illustration of six books of the Æneid, and it is in quoting a part of his explanation that I give one other testimony to the fitness of a womanly intellect for those pursuits to which she is often declared unequal.

"I have been," says Dr. Henry, "as the title imports, twelve years, twelve of the fairest years of my life, engaged in this work: encouraged by no one, approved by no one, patronized by no one, receiving no particle of assistance, either at home or abroad, from all the numerous persons who have, with more or less success, cultivated the same author, except alone the assistance which I have reared and created for myself in my own daughter, who has already, at the age of 22, arrived at such a degree of knowledge of the subject that I have not printed a single comment without first submitting it to her censorship. Many and valuable have been the suggestions I have received from her, although I have not specially stated the fact, except at Aen. II., 683.' On turning to that passage I find the following conclusion of a long note: 'I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of informing my readers that the above very new and, it seems to me, very true explanation of this difficult passage was suggested to me by one whose zealous assistance and co-operation has all along not only lightened but rendered delightful to me the otherwise almost intolerable labor of this work—I mean my beloved daughter, Katharine Olivia Henry.' I fear some of my friends who are most zealous for the cause of women may not care enough for classical scholarship to set this at its real value. Certainly it cannot be placed in comparison with the magnificent tribute of Stuart Mill to his wife. Yet, although Katharine Olivia Henry is probably not the equal of Mrs. Mill, nor of Mary Somerville, nor of Mrs. Browning, I do not see why she is not entitled to rank with Lady Jane Grey, or with the famous Madame Dacier, whose scholarship, as well as her husband's, was considerably more showy than sound."

THE REFORM QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

AMERICAN Abolitionists are often reminded by those who are tired of agitation, and by others who have always been averse to the negro's claim for freedom and justice, that their "work is done," and that the continuance of their organization is superfluous. Our Society needs no other justification as to its necessity than the actual state of affairs, with reference to the rights of the colored race. The position of Messrs. Bright, Mill, and others, with reference to the Reform question in England, however, eminently judicious as it is there, is also a complete vindication of our own action with reference to the negro here. In the latest English mail advices we find the following:

THE REFORM QUESTION.

The Reform League have resolved to maintain its organization, consisting of 430 branches, for purposes of registration, educating the people in the use of the vote, and promoting the return to the next Parliament of members pledged to advance liberal principles. One of the leading features of the new programme will be an agitation to obtain for the new voters and the old the protection of the ballot-box, in order that they may exercise the franchise without undue influence being brought to bear upon them by their employers.

The following letters from John Bright and John Stuart Mill, to Mr. Beales, show that they sanction continued agitation:

MY DEAR MR. BEALES: I am glad to see that it is not intended to discontinue the organization and labors of the Reform League, although so great a step has been gained in the extension of the suffrage. On that branch of the question of reform I presume you will not feel it necessary now to agitate further, so far as the boroughs are concerned. But the concession of a wide franchise is most incomplete, so long as the security of the ballot is denied. As a machinery for conducting elections without disorder, the arrangement of the ballot is perfect; and, if on that ground only, it should be adopted. But there is a higher ground on which all Reformers should insist upon it.

The more wide the suffrage, the more there are of men in humble circumstances who are admitted to the exercise of political rights, the more clearly is it necessary that the shelter of the ballot should be granted. I am confident it would lessen expenses at elections, greatly diminish corruption, and destroy the odious system of intimidation which now so extensively prevails, and that it would make the House of Commons a more complete representation of the opinions and wishes of the electoral body. I have a very strong conviction on this subject, and I hope all our friends throughout the country will accept the ballot as the next great question for which, in connection with Parliamentary reform, they ought to contend. Without this safeguard there can be no escape from corruption and oppression at elections, and our political contests will remain, what they now are, a discredit to us as a free and intelligent people. If the Reform League and Reform Union will make the ballot their next work, they must soon succeed. I need not tell you that I shall heartily join them in their labors for this great end. I hope the friends of the ballot—those who care for freedom and morality in the working of our representative system—will provide the needful funds to enable you to move on with an increasing force to a complete success. Believe me always sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Edmond Beales, Esq., Lincoln's inn, London.

BLACKHEATH PARK.

DEAR SIR: I have already, by sending a subscription, given in my adhesion to the determination of the Reform League to employ its organization in promoting the registration of the liberals who will become entitled to the suffrage under the New Reform Act. With regard to the further object of promoting the election of candidates professing advanced Liberal opinions, I should be glad if not only the Reform League, but all the other organizations of reformers throughout the country, would keep themselves in existence for that purpose. There will be ample work for all of them, and I only hope that they will not confine their support to candidates who adhere to their own particular programme, but will extend it to advanced Liberals of all shades, a close union of whom among themselves was never more needed than it will be at the first general election under the new act. I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

J. S. MILL.

Edmund Beales, Esq.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, September 1st, 1867.

You know that, in these days of scientific exploration of the peculiarities of races, more or less people are maintaining that the American Indians are not only an inferior race, but so far inferior as to be incapable of civilization and Christianization. It is taken for granted that they *must* decay and become extinct, and some go so far as to say that we had better hasten their extinction by active military measures. It is but fair, therefore, to state on the other side a fact lately recorded by "Berwick," the intelligent correspondent of the *Advertiser*, in favor of the "Gay-Head Indians."

This tribe, it appears, were, in their habits of trade, a good deal like white folks, only, perhaps, "a little more so." Their late minister, being probably a person of fanatical tendencies, felt himself called upon to preach a sermon against "lying and cheating," manifestly bringing secular affairs into the pulpit, and discoursing of these in a manner which many of his hearers must have felt as "personal." They forthwith held an indignation meeting and dismissed the minister, alleging that they wanted in their pulpit one who would "preach *the Gospel*."

I submit that this act—showing an intelligent appreciation of the sort of preaching favored by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and practiced, with their approval, by their late missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws—shows a marked aptitude for Christianization; at least for such Christianization as *they* dispense.

By the way, the papers tell us that Rev. Cyrus Byington—who testified, when he was a missionary of the American Board among the Choctaws, that he kept aloof from the abolition movement, declining even to take measures favoring an *ultimate* removal of slavery from the Choctaw people—and who insisted on the right of slaveholders to membership in the Choctaw mission churches—and who made no appeal either to church discipline or to the civil law when a member of *his* mission-church there burned alive her female slave—"has completed the translation of the Pentateuch into Choctaw," and is coming to New York to print it. Happy Choctaws! They, no doubt, have the genuine "preaching of the Gospel."

You have seen, no doubt, that movements have been making for the establishment of a great Orthodox Congregational weekly paper to supersede the *Independent* which has been acting too much in accordance with its name to suit the leaders in that denomination. Well, a blast of trumpets came from the little papers of that sort all over the land, "blowing up" the *Independent*, and "cracking up" the *Advance*, in advance of its publication. A Doctor of Divinity, believed supereminently sound, was released from his pulpit to take the editorship-in-chief, a staff of able assistants was collected, and the first number appears. But, strange to say—though it must be confessed that the same phenomenon has appeared in other "happy families"—complaints immediately appeared. A Boston paper which has been prominent in censure of the *Independent*, and which probably hoped to be chosen its successor, expresses surprise that the *Advance* should "begin by publishing a sermon from a man so extensively regarded as radically unsound as Dr. Bushnell," and a correspondent of the same paper utters sinister forebodings in view of the fact that "This new *Advance*, as matters now stand, has not half the protection against perversion which the *Independent* had at its origin."

The handsome hall chosen by the "Fraternal Association of Universalists," for their Sunday services, was crowded to overflowing this morning, in spite of the rain. "The Religion of To-day" was the subject upon which Rev. Rowland Connor addressed them. Their purpose was, he said, not to depart from Christianity, but to seek a true interpretation of it; and this would be found to require an abandonment of many theories which have been erroneously associated with that venerable name. They were to search, above all things, for truth; to welcome, instead of fearing, scientific criticism, and fearlessly to reduce to practice what they should ascertain to *be* truth.

The theatres of this city have begun their "season," even before the end of Summer, and the pendulum of public taste has swung back to thorough and hearty acceptance of them. The lyceum was for a series of years triumphant over the stage; now, although lectures are still largely attended, dramatic performances are decidedly in vogue, and managers are again making fortunes instead of failures. All the theatres promise to be crowded, and a new one is building, which will probably, like most of the existing ones, adopt the profitably indecent style of performance, with occasional trials of the "legitimate drama." Coriolanus *may* draw, but The Black Crook always gets crowded houses.

Speaking of Coriolanus, he has lately been forced into partnership with Mr. Edwin Forrest; the sculptor Ball having represented them, according to contract, in one figure. Whether the artist has done justice to the great man may be a question; but the *big* man is said to have been rendered to the life, in the full massiveness—and demonstrativeness—of muscular development. That sort of thing is probably esteemed admirable by members of the Prize Ring, and the followers of those gentlemen are so numerous in these days that some augmentation of "credit and renown" will probably fall to the lot of the distinguished athlete who postured for the statue. It is but fair to say that Mr. Ball's powers in the ideal department of art are not to be judged by this statue, which was executed, literally, "to order."

NORTH.

HOW LOYALTY FARES IN KENTUCKY.

WE print the following statement relative to Kentucky, assuring our readers that it could hardly come from a source more thoroughly trustworthy than that from which we receive it. The writer is a gentleman whose official position gives him an excellent opportunity for observation as to the actual state of affairs:

In the past year, official details of not less than two hundred murders of Union men have reached Gen. Thomas, within the limits of Kentucky. It was believed by the gentleman making the statement that the military authorities received information of about one-half the number of cases that actually occurred, and he estimated at *four hundred* the number of Unionists murdered in Kentucky in the past twelve months. On inquiry as to how many of these murders had been punished, his answer was "Not one!"

The difficulties which exist in bringing offenders to justice all over the South are greatly intensified in Kentucky, where civil courts are not in any way subordinated to military control. Juries are chiefly made up of rebels, and will not convict rebel murderers of Union men.

Perhaps the actual state of affairs cannot be better exemplified than in the case of the murder of Bridgewater, and as it seems worth while to state a few of the particulars, that northern men may see how law is administered in a part of the Union, which is, at least, nominally subject to the National government.

Bridgewater was a loyal Kentuckian and had served in the Union army. He returned to his home in Kentucky, and refused to be cowed by the rebel sentiment around him, uttering his loyal sentiments fearlessly. This was not to be borne. A time was chosen, Bridgewater was found at a hotel, seated at a table. Six rebels came up to him from behind and fired at him with revolvers until he was dead. In his body were found eighteen bullets. The murderers immediately gave themselves up to the sheriff, underwent the farce of a trial by a jury who brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide!

Gen. Thomas was so outraged by this crime, that he determined to arrest these men, who were returned rebel soldiers, for *violation of their parole*, and thus get a hold upon them, outside of the local courts and have them tried by military commission. Before this was accomplished he received the order to go to New Orleans and relieve Sheridan. His removal was attributed by some, in part, to the desperate exertions of the friends of these men, who had thus unexpectedly felt his hand upon them, after their being whitewashed by their own pliant courts. Nor is this so improbable as it might at first seem. These rebels and their friends are just such as have influence at Washington, which they would strain to the uttermost, and Johnson's sympathies lie more with murdering rebels than with murdered Unionists.

Socially speaking the Rebellion is a success in Kentucky, and whilst rebels are perfectly safe in Washington, a Union man who expresses his loyalty in Kentucky is liable to be shot down like a wild beast and with equal impunity.

THE RECENT RICHMOND CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

HERNDON, Va., August 31st, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

By the kindness of Emily Howland, of Cayuga County, N. Y., I am furnished with THE STANDARD. Its leading editorials sound the note of alarm on the right key. I was at the Richmond Convention, August 1st and 2d. It was a great occasion; to hold *such* a convention in Richmond, Va., so soon after such thrilling chapters of historic events, and suggests thoughts for volumes. The special feature of the Convention, one which all the world should know, was *the manly and self-reliant decision of the colored people.* A colored orator from Brooklyn, N. Y., besought the Convention to hear the Hon. John Minor Botts. Gen. Pierce, and Rev. J. W. Hunnicutt (editor of the *New Nation*) pressed the same request. But the masses of the colored people voted "*No!*" with a determination not to be misunderstood. Perhaps their opposition to Mr. Botts was too strong (a question which I do not now discuss), but the glory of the matter is, that they will think, speak, and act upon their own judgment of what is safe. When I heard Hunnicutt make his earnest appeal, knowing his great influence with them, I thought "they will yield;" but, *no*—Botts might not address them *as* "the *Convention*"—he might as a mass meeting!

J. R. J.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION.

A CRITICISM BY REV. BERIAH GREEN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In a late number of THE STANDARD, I found a reference to Mr. Emerson's Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College. The Oration, I had already read in the columns of the *Commonwealth*; and read as a paper, which, on more than one account, I might very well carefully peruse, if not diligently study. The presence to which it was addressed, the subject which it introduced, the name from which it proceeded—all these were adapted to render it powerfully attractive. Is not Ralph Waldo Emerson generally venerated as a philosopher, eminently worthy of the name—as a vigorous, acute, comprehensive thinker, greatly at home in the sphere of the ideal? And must not every thoughtful reader welcome as a subject full of significance, "*Culture in America?*" And an oration from such a source before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College—what less could I expect than a train of fresh, weighty, compact thought, fitly arranged and impressively delivered? *Why* should I not have read and re-read and read again?

On the matter, thus introduced, I would gladly offer, through your columns, a few suggestions to any readers I might be able to attract. Before adverting to the characteristic suggestions and inculcations which distinguish this oration, I would dwell a little on its introductory paragraphs. In these Mr. Emerson seems to congratulate his audience on the "prosperous" condition and bright prospects of "the Federal Union." The late war has given new proofs of augmented strength. "We may well be content with our fair inheritance." "The freedom of the country is boundless." "The appearance of superior men, the rapid addition to our society of a class of masters, by which the self-respect of each town and city is enriched," constitute "the great fact," which may well be noticed. We have learned "to tread familiarly on the giddy heights of thought," and so Mr. Emerson proceeds with what he calls "this boastful recital." All this I might hear from a *demagogue* without a touch of surprise, A demagogue he could not be, if he did not prefer the "applause" of his audience to the authority of principle. But how could a philosopher cultivate the ground thus occupied? He must as a philosopher adjust himself, in the conclusion he commends and in the example he presents, to the ordinances of reason—to the laws of nature—to the tendencies of things, well established and clearly manifested. In the light which these afford, he will estimate and describe all objects, all relations, all enterprises, all methods, every expectation, to which he may advert. The applause or reproach which he may thus incur, will be with him an incidental affair, touching him nowhere, nohow, vitally and controllingly. A "Federal Union," with gross, with deadly injustice deliberately wrought into its fabric, he will not regard as a legitimate nationality. A war, to save any such thing from dissolution, he will abhor and condemn as profligately wicked and utterly hopeless; especially a war in which its organic elements fall foul of each other. Whatever incidents may attend, and whatever results may follow any such unblest strife, such a union he will regard as doomed and damned.

Have those whom Mr. Emerson introduces and represents "learned to tread familiarly the giddy heights of thought?" How, then, could they expect to *produce union* by murderous violence? To bring an alienated husband and wife lovingly to occupy the same table and bed by the mutual infliction of kicks and cuffs vigorously applied! States united, in which some deny the political existence of others; in which these impose on those as an unyielding necessity, a military despotism, singularly stern and absolute! Is it thus that "the storm has been resisted"—that the "threatened existence of the Federal Union" has been "withstood"—that "the best augmentation of strength" has been secured—that our "fair inheritance" has been preserved? All this from an eminent philosopher in addressing a society of scholars, supposed to be distinguished for high attainments and thorough culture!

Mr. Emerson magnifies "the prosperity of the Federal Union" as "wonderful," in the circumstances to which the late war has lifted it! In what may this prosperity consist and how is it manifested? In the conflict for what was officially described as "the integrity of the Union"—a Union so intimate, compact and firm, that the thought of dissolution was not for a moment to be admitted—blood and treasure were freely and largely expended. At length, the proclamation, strong and loud, was made, that loyalty had triumphed. The object of the war had been achieved. "The Union" was restored. Not a star had been withdrawn from our political firmament. All this may fairly be inferred from Mr. Emerson's "boastful recital." "The best augmentation of strength" was, according to him, the fruit of the contest! Now we have heart-breaking proofs, frightfully accumulated, mountain upon mountain, that the Federalists and Confederates regard each other with an alienation and enmity, which are singularly intense and bitter; so flagrant and controlling as to compel the dominant party to deny the political existence of the vanquished States and to impose upon them a military despotism most absolute and terrible! Washington is now the seat of war; and a hot contest rages between the Executive on the one side and the Legislature on the other! These combatants, in the presence of the world, mutually hurl at each other fierce denunciations! Yesterday, Jefferson Davis was the traitor; to-day, it is Andrew Johnson! Such are the most marked indications of the condition and prospects of "the Federal Union!" If this is "prosperity," it must indeed be pronounced a "wonderful" affair. A *philosopher* on such an occasion speaks thus—commission a tongue, which was generally supposed to be well trained and well governed, to utter words so grossly at variance with the verities of history!

In the midst of these introductory paragraphs, "applause" greeted Mr. Emerson at Cambridge College. Perhaps Mr. Emerson had spoken there before! Doubtless he remembers! Horace Mann did not at once forget how *he* was greeted by the young gentlemen of that learned society, when he opened his lips in addressing them in behalf of oppressed humanity! And I remember how he responded to the insinuations of a member of the Faculty, afterwards the President, who attempted,

assured us, as well he might, that nothing but embarrassment and ultimate ruin could there be well expected; had he urged us "to turn from the evil of our ways"--to assume and maintain the true position--to put ourselves, every way, in harmony with the conclusions which our own political scriptures "declare" and inculcate, Mr. Emerson might have been honored with a very different greeting. Perhaps, "in the progress of things," the change which makes his presence grateful to the Cambridge students may have been wrought, *not in them*, but in some other quarter.

FOR THE STANDARD.

GEN. U. S. GRANT A CAPTIVE.

BY A COLORED VIRGINIAN.

What quick, *sad* changes now we see!
Grant conquers Gen. Robert Lee,
But strangely yields to Johnson's snare!
Groans, kicks, and struggles—*founders there.*

VIATOR.

SIGNIFICANT EXTRACT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1867.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I was much struck this morning with a remark of one of our customers from Memphis, Tenn.

Said he: "We have three million new customers for calicoes now. Where a dress a year was all they got formerly, and some of them scarcely that, they now supply their wants like people at the North, and buy as freely with their increasing means."

I well recollect that several years ago, in an address in Boston, you remarked that while the colored race should have their freedom on the score of right and justice, an incidental result would be an increase of trade in the South.

Some of the traders are now waking up to this important fact. Little by little they learn where their true interests are.

The "impeachment" feeling is stronger here every day.

Andrew Johnson shows his horns more every month, and the folly of the adjournment of Congress is apparent to many, who, till now, thought a continuous session worse than useless.

Yours truly,

RADICAL PEACE MEETING IN MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

On the afternoon of the 25th of August, the Friends of Abington, having opened their Meeting-House to the Pennsylvania Peace Society, a large number of persons assembled together. Dr. Henry T. Child, as Clerk, opened the meeting by reading the Preamble and part of the Constitution, and after presenting letters from the International League of France, and friends of the Eastern States, he delivered an impressive speech, in which he held for man's spirituality as above the war plane, and was followed by Lucretia Mott, who, with her accustomed earnestness and power, presented the fallacy of war, its slavery and torture, and showed how easily peace principles could rule and war become unpopular. Alfred H. Love then appealed to the professors of Christianity to be consistent and to live pure, radical and active peace lives. He proved that the working man must see that he it is who does the fighting, suffers, and pays the war debt. We must get rid of the oppression and mistakes of the age whereby we are taxed unto poverty, and he demanded disarmament, and arbitration the world over, and far better *abolish* the offices than remove the officers of "Secretary of War." James Mott appealed for a better education of the children in the virtues which make for peace. Rachel Wilson Townsend presented the history of Friends to prove how successful arbitration had been, and said she was in full sympathy with this movement. John E. Kenderdine related his sad experience, and deprecated war. Albert B. Smolnikar, for eighteen years an Austrian priest, said he endorsed this move; a new era was dawning, and sectarianism must go down. The Pope and the Bishops must know their time had come. The people would demand something better, and he should take the message of this meeting to Europe. Rev. M. A. Day, a Methodist minister, was glad to be welcomed to a Friends' Meeting-House, and would forward this movement in his church and everywhere. After other remarks, many Friends signed the Constitution, and the meeting adjourned to reassemble in Friends' Meeting-House, Germantown, which had been generously offered, on the 22d of next month, at 3 p.m.

THE Freedom Club, of Worcester, in view of the posture of public affairs at Washington, and the antics of the Bull of Bashan in the White House, left at liberty by the weakness of Congress to swing again disastrously around the circle—gives utterance to the sense of loyal Massachusetts in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we deeply regret the false and pernicious conservatism of national senators (our own Wilson among the number), that allowed them, after adopting a wise method of reconstruction, to adjourn, leaving the execution thereof in the hands of a proved and wilful traitor, whose doom, long ago, had been pronounced by an indignant people, and should have been executed by his constitutional impeachment and deposition, through their proper representatives in Congress assembled.

Resolved, That unless Congress be immediately reassembled by the united call of the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, and unless the General-in-chief of the army positively refuse to transmit the disorganizing orders of the Executive, we fear irremediable mischief to the South and great damage to the entire country.

Resolved, That the people look to Lieut.-Gen. Grant to acquit himself like a man, and be strong in this emergency, and to see to it that the Republic receive no harm while a drunken President is performing Carlyle's proposed feat of "Shooting Niagara, and After."

Resolved, That the people's confidence is unshaken in the hero of Winchester and the pacifier of Louisiana and Texas, who would no more consent to leave open a macademized road for perjury in the South, to please a perjured President, than to see his legions routed in the Shenandoah by Jubal Early. And the eye of the nation will eagerly follow the waving plume of Sheridan, till his ascending star culminates in the Capitol.

WE believe the following has rarely been printed. It does honor to the memory of the noble leader of a noble Assembly:

EPITAPH.

Here lies deposited the dust of JOHN BRADSHAW, who presided in that illustrious band of patricts, who, nobly superior to all selfish regards, disdaining alike the pageanty of power, the blasts of calumny, and the terrors of royal vengeance, fairly, and openly, adjudged, Charles Stuart, Tyrant of England, to a public and ignominious death—thereby exhibiting to the astonished world, and transmitting down through applauding ages, the most glorious example of the love of freedom and impartial justice, ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre of human actions. Oh reader! Pass not on till thou has blest his memory, and never forget, that resistance to tyrants, is obedience to God.

OBITUARY.

"THE Rev. C. G Ludlow, first pastor of the College street Church, in this city, died in Oswego, N. Y., on the 11th inst., aged 70 years. He was a genial, impulsive, sincere man, and an earnest advocate of the reform movements of the day."

This notice from a New Haven (Ct.) paper, announces the departure of one of the earliest of those whose generous, quick-hearted sympathies kindled for the slave. In our week of intensely interesting and rare reminiscence, a year ago, at Theodore D. Weld's home, the name of Mr. Ludlow called up a very fresh and lively pleasure. Angeline Grimke's eye brightened, and the color grew deeper on her cheek, as she told how this good man was the first minister to welcome her mission, and his, the first pulpit she ever spoke in for the slave. Miss Grimke recalled their homing at his house with warm and loving affection. She remembered the little Fitz Hugh and his early promise of genius. Only a few days before his death, I rejoiced in an interview with this benevolent-hearted man. He dined here, and as he sat beside his lovely daughter, he told me over the thrilling story of the Aimsted Captives, —the hero, Cinque, and how he visited them in a New-Haven jail. Mr. Ludlow had the honor of being a mobbed Abolitionist in those old days of slavery, and its shameful works in the Northern towns—one of "Those men and women, who were avowed Abolitionists in 1831, '32 '33 '34 and '35," to whom L. Maria Child inscribed her eloquent "Lines" in the Liberty Bill of 1839—

"Ye glorious band! Ye chosen few!
On whom God's spirit came,
Endowed with hearts so bold and true
And tongues of living flame—

How memory kindles to review
The strife of recent years!
As the touch of light went struggling through
Contending doubts and fears.

Right valiantly ye kept your faith
And bore the beacon high,
While roaring in tumultuous wrath
The stormy waves rushed by.

For oh, it was a solemn joy,
That tide of sin to turn!
A holy and a blest employ
To make those watch-fires burn!"

SALLIE HOLLEY.

Elmira Water-Cure, Aug., 1867.

LITERARY.

A STORY OF DOOM, AND OTHER POEMS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The fair promise that we felt to be in Jean Ingelow's first work, is fully realized in her second. She writes from out a great, womanly heart, or how could she know the things she tells us? A strong, well-trained intellect moulds her expression, and her poetry is as fresh as if poetry had never been written before. Her word-portraits of men, and her word-pictures of nature, have only to be read to be ever after loved and sought. Here is her portrait of the young "Laurence" who loved against hope, and whose love prevailed over indifference and death:

He had much deference in his nature, need
To honor—it became him; he was frank,
Fresh, hardy, of a joyous mind, and strong—
Looked all things straight in the face. So when she came
Before him first, he looked at her, and looked
No more, but colored to his healthful brow,
And wished himself a better man, and thought
On certain things, and wished they were undone,
Because her girlish innocence, the grace
Of her unblemished pureness, wrought in him
A longing and aspiring, and a shame
To think how wicked was the world—that world
Which he must walk in—while from her (and such
As she was) it was hidden; there was made
A clear path, and the girl moved on like one
In some enchanted ring."

"A Story of Doom" is the story of Noah's striving with the people to save them from the doom that the voice bade him proclaim to them. Indeed it is the story of all souls that bear a message from the Most High to the heedless sons of men. The men to whom he calls laugh him to scorn; his own household do not believe in his mission; and he strives with himself to reason away the conviction that he is divinely called to proclaim the "watery doom;" still the voice calls him, and though sorrowing in spirit he obeys until "the door is shut." The counsels of Satan and his minions are ingeniously conceived and graphically described. The wooing of Japhet is prettily told. Here is one passage that is significant for all times:

Nor do they well whose work
Is still to feed and shelter them and theirs,
Get gain, and gathered, store it, to think scorn
Of those who work for a world (no wages paid
By a master hid in light), and sent alone
To face a laughing multitude, whose eyes
Are full of damaging pity, that forbears
To tell the harmless laborer, "Thou art mad."

The "Songs on the Voices of Birds" and the "Songs with Preludes," are full of beautiful descriptions, delicate imagery, noble thought and tender feeling. In the song on the voice of the nightingale, she writes:

I have no nest as thou,
Bird on the blossoming bough,
Yet over thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my soul,
Chanting, forego thy strife,
The spirit out-acts the life,
But much is seldom theirs who can perceive the whole.

Thou drawest a perfect lot
All thine, but holden not,
Lie low, at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;
There might be sorer smart
Than thine, far-seeing heart,
Whose fate is still to yearn, and not be satisfied.

In speaking of her book, we are constantly tempted to quote from it, and yet it is difficult to determine what will best show forth her power. It is a rich storehouse of thought and graceful expression, and we congratulate all who possess what must be "a joy forever."

Louis Blanc, in his Second Series of "Letters on England," just published, speaks as follows of the *weak* part of a speech defending the North, made by Henry Ward Beecher in Exeter Hall, London, during the rebellion:

"The truth is that the Constitution obliged the Federal government to respect slavery, considered as a local institution; but it did not oblige it to permit the extension of slavery to the annexed territories. That extension the South deemed necessary to its interests, while by the North, on which its compact laid no such obligation, it was opposed. Out of that question came the crisis. On the day when Mr. Lincoln's election transferred the Federal authority into other hands than those of the South, and took away, as it were, from the South all hope of using the Federal authority for the purpose of turning a principle on sufferance into a principle triumphant, the planters took up arms. On the day when the South was no longer master, it declared itself oppressed.

"But as soon as slavery left the Union, was it not the duty of the Federal government to treat it, without more delay, as a public foe? Mr. Beecher has set himself with much pains to show how blameless the Federal government was in this regard. This, we must acknowledge, was the weakest point of his speech. If, in the terrible circumstances in which it was placed by the revolt of the South, the North had had the happy daring to enlist in its cause that of all humanity, what strength would it not have drawn from the sympathies of the world, and with what invincible authority would it not have silenced the antipathies of the least generous, but alas! the most influential portion of the people of England! But was it not needful to disarm the ill-will of the Democrats in the very bosom of the United States, to lay before them the only flag, that of the Union, around which they could be led to battle? Was it not needful to cover over the ditch that parted them from the Republicans? I understand: in other words, it was needful to treat the conjuncture artfully, to sacrifice morality to a policy of expediency, to let the smaller kind of wisdom precede the greater? It was a sorry calculation." Vol. 2, p. 76.

Other portions of the speech in question receive high praise from Louis Blanc.

The first article in No. 3 of the *Northern Monthly* is devoted to Parke Godwin (well known as one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, author, poet, etc.,) by Frank W. Potter. The sketch is very readable. Speaking of Godwin's nice literary tastes, which have grown keener, instead of having been blunted by the hot haste of newspaper life, the writer says:

"There is exhibited to this day in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Post*, a list of rejected words, which are strictly forbidden to be used by any writer in any department. Whoever violates the rule intentionally, is subject to immediate dismissal. As a literary curiosity, I transcribe the index expurgatorious: Aspirant; authoress; being done, etc.; bogus, bagging (for 'capturing'); collided; couple for 'two'; debut; employé; 'Esq.; endorse (for 'approve'); gents (for 'gentlemen'); humbug; 'Hon.'; inaugurated (for 'begun'); initiated (for 'commenced'); in our midst; ignore; juvenile (for 'boy'); jubilant (for 'rejoicing'); lady (for 'wife'); lengthy; loan or loaned (for 'lend, or 'lent'); located; measurably (for 'in a measure'); ovation; obituary; parties (for 'persons'); posted (for 'informed'); poetess; portion (for 'part'); predicate; progressing; pants (for 'pantaloons'); relioble; repudiate (for 'reject,' or 'disown'); role (for 'part'); secesh; states (for 'says'); taboo; transpire (for 'occur'); to progress; tapis; talented; the deceased.'

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS. By Parker Pillsbury. New York: 37 Park Row.

The above is the title of an address delivered at the last anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association. The style is clear and simple, and the belief and objects of its members plainly set forth. It has just been issued in elegant pamphlet form by Robert J. Johnston, printer, 33 Beekman street, and is for sale at the Rooms of the Association, 37 Park Row. Price $5 per 100; single copies 10 cents.

RECEIVED.

BLEAK HOUSE. Diamond Edition of Dickens's works. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for August. Leonard Scott & Co., publishers, 140 Fulton street, New York.

Our School-Day Visitor. An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. A. Clark, A. M., Editor, 422 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Littell's Living Age. Nos. 1,212 and 1,213. Boston: Littell & Gay, No. 30 Bromfield street.

Every Saturday—No. 88. Boston: Ticknot & Fields.

DRAMATIC.

MRS. LANDER AS ELIZABETH.

THE age in which Elizabeth Tudor lived and wielded the sceptre of England, while history holds its place, will remain the proudest period in the earlier annals of that realm. Elizabeth was arrogant, imperious, and frequently unjust to her bravest and most loyal supporters. Always consumed with the fires of ambition, yet, above all, holding the glory of England dearer than her heart's peace, nearer than her womanly desires, and more to be considered than her own happiness, or the lives of her faithful subjects. Much that she did was tyrannical, and not to be justified on the plea of *State necessity*—the plea of tyrants in all nations and in all times. But the student of history is dazzled by the splendor which she wrought. For the much of good she accomplished in that earlier time a glory halos her name. Under her fostering hand Science was exalted, Literature became an honorable walk, and Protestant freedom triumphed over Romish bigotry. What the world has gained through Shakspeare, Sir Francis Bacon, and a host of worthies, must be credited largely to her. "She builded better than she knew," but her mind was greater and more advanced than her age could comprehend. The drama of Elizabeth as written by Signor Gra Commetti, and already familiar to the American public by the superb renderings of Ristori, has been prepared by Mrs. F. W. Lander, of whose delineation of "Elizabeth," it is our purpose to speak.

To the better part of the American public Mrs. Lander's name is very dear, not only because of her lamented husband's happy memory and her manifold acts of kindness to our nation's brave defenders, but because of the high honor she has conferred upon American art. Mrs. Lander's genius is of the noblest mould. Too noble indeed to win for her that popularity with the masses won by the transient favorites of the stage. But the audiences gathered by the chasteness of her delineations, are the cultured in intellect and the appreciative in all that appertains to the legitimate in Drama. At the French Theatre, where at this time Mrs. Lander is playing a brief engagement, it is not too much to say that her Queen Elizabeth is one of the grandest impersonations know to the American stage. Her art is perfect, and her magnificent conception of the Queen, separated from her by nearly three centuries of time, will remain among the lasting triumphs of American art. The drama is arranged to present Elizabeth at *different points* of life, and the transition from comparative youth and vigor to the weakness, and almost imbecility of age is depicted with consummate skill. But it is in the conflict of emotions, which the various situations of the drama call upon her to exhibit, that Mrs. Lander's superb powers are given the fullest opportunity. In that vital moment wherein the death-warrant of her favorite, the Earl of Essex, is presented for her signature, the contending emotions of Elizabeth's faulty, yet royal nature, are so vividly depicted, that the audience catches the contagion of the anguish gnawing at the heart of the Queen. But of all the situations in the grand drama, the Queen's death scene is, to our mind, the crowning triumph of all Mrs. Lander's superb acting. In its *realness*, the audience forgets the actress, and sees before them only the grand wreck of woman, yet with the fitful upflashing of all the imperiousness and indomitable energy of her palmy days. The agonies of remorse, the holding to the thread of life, the intense unwillingness to surrender the reins of power, are all depicted, and with colors indelibly stamped upon the heart.

Leaving for the present the subject, we cordially advise the lovers of genuine dramatic art to lose no opportunity of seeing Mrs. Lander's Elizabeth. With reference to the lady's support, it is but just to state that Mr. J. H. Taylor's Earl of Essex is a performance of real power, and that Messrs. Beck as Lord Bacon, and Varry as Lord Burleigh, present intelligent conceptions of their respective characters.

To Mr. T. B. Pugh, of Philadelphia, long the agent of THE STANDARD for that city, and whose skillful management has contributed so greatly to success, our citizens are indebted for a rare treat in this brilliant engagement.

Madame Ristori, now on her way from Europe, for a second professional visit to this country, is expected to arrive in this city about the 10th inst. Her first public appearance is announced for the 16th inst. at the French Theatre, in the character of Myrrha, of which she is the only competent representative on the stage. "Marie Antoinette," the new play, will be produced at a later period in her engagement.

Mr. Edwin Forrest, who has not appeared before a New York audience for two years, commenced an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 3d inst. The initial play was *Virginius*, which was given to a good audience, but in the course of the engagement Mr. Forrest is to appear in Othello and all the characters for whose personation he is justly celebrated.

THE fact that the Commisioner of Internal Revenue has exempted from all tax the funds which are raised by the Washington Library Company of Philadelphia for the endowment of the Riverside Institute; also that Messrs. George A. Cooke & Co., the well-known bankers, No. 33 South Third street, Philadelphia, have consented to act as receivers of the moneys thus raised, together with the names of those well-known and prominent citizens who have associated themselves with the Institute, and have consented to act as Trustees, should certainly be a sufficient guarantee to the public that every pledge and promise will be carried out to the letter. The method adopted for the endowment of this much-needed institution is one by which every individual actually receives more than could be obtained with the same amount of money if expended in the ordinary way. In the distribution of presents every one stands an equal chance, one present being guaranteed for each share of stock. Read Advertisement.

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ACCIDENT.—There was an explosion in Doct. Ayer's Laboratory, yesterday, which caused some excitement in the vicinity. Ayer's Pills are manufactured under an enormous pressure, in cylinders, like cannon, which sometimes prove too weak for the compressed forces, and burst with terrific violence. Fortunately the pieces do not fly far, so that no one has ever been hurt by them. The action is more like ice than powder; but it makes Pills which all the world aknowledge *are* PILLS.—*Daily Journal, Lowell.*

EQUAL RIGHTS REPORT.—The Proceedings of the First Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association (a neat pamphlet of eighty pages) may now be had of SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 37 Park Row (ROOM 17), New York. Price 25 cents.

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Miscellaneous Department.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.

THY neighbor? It 's he whom thou
Hast power to aid an l bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succor him!

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at the brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain—
Go thou and comfort him?

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them!

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him!

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favor'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by!
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him!

A NEGRO PUNDIT.

From the New York Times.

CHARLESTON, Aug. 2, 1867.

"YOU must see Said," observed one of the officers of the garrison, as we were riding out together the other evening. "And who is Said?" Which query drew from my companion a strange story of a learned negro of that name who lives on one of the sea islands, and whom my friend represented as a marvel of linguistic accomplishment, almost rivaling Mezzofanti himself. He could speak, and read, and write, 'twas said, a dozen or a score of languages, and knew their literature and was deep in the philosophies. Said is a native African, having been born in the Kingdom of Bornou, in Soodan, Central Africa, and is now about thirty years of age. He has the thoroughly marked African type of face and skull, with wooly hair and black skin, and he shows the savage aspect more pronouncedly from the fact that his face is covered with the tribal marks. These are not of the nature of tatooing, but consist of incisions in the skin (or perhaps rather incisions out of the skin), made in early childhood. One of these marks, drawn from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose, is, I remember, noticed by Barth as the blazen of the superior caste, and this sign Said bears prominently on his countenance. In person he is of medium height; his gait is shambling, his look shy and sad. He is not in the least communicative or disposed to explain himself, but must be drawn out by sympathy and gentle confidence. Here are some few points in his life:

His father was a *Kolzala*, or cavalry chief, in the army of the King of Bornou, and was killed in one of the wars with a neighboring nation while Said was a child. Said remembers to have frequently seen the traveller, Barth, who lived at the capital of the King Alkamaneh, and he describes that author's work on Central Africa as being, so far as his experience goes, very accurate. Well, one day, when the lad was about fourteen years of age, he was captured while out hunting in the woods with some boyish companions, by a party of Bedouins, and carried to Tripoli, where he was sold to a trader, who sent him to Constantinople. Here he become pipecleaner to Reschid Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. After some years spent in this way, the Pasha, in 1852, transferred him (he does not know the circumstances under which it came about) to Prince Menzikoff, then Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte. About this time the Russian war broke out, upon which Prince Menzikoff went first to Odessa and then to St. Petersburg, taking with him Said, who remained in his service in different parts of Russia for two years. The prince then transferred him to his son, who at this time went to make the grand tour. In the capacity of valet to the prince's son, Said had an opportunity of visiting almost every country in Europe, and in Germany, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, etc., he spent the intervening years up to 1859, when he came to America. He landed in New York and then went to Hayti, about which country he conceived a great curiosity while in Europe, but he soon returned to the United States. In 1863 he entered the military service as a volunteer in the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, a colored regiment. With his regiment he came to South Carolina and remained till the close of the war, but, being then left without employment and without means, he was forced to hire himself out as a plantation hand. In this condition Dr. Sim found him last year, when he took possession of the plantation, which is on St. Andrew's Island, and, being touched by his story, the doctor got him up a small school, which he is now teaching.

This little story of his journeyings will explain the *opportunity* afforded him of learning different languages, which is the accomplishment that brought him to the notice of those who mentioned him to me. I suppose he must have in addition an innate linguistic capacity; and, what with this natural aptitude joined to his opportunities, he has certainly made himself a remarkable philologist. Remarkable it would be in the most cultured of Caucasians, but still more so in one who bears on his black visage the symbols of his savage race. For he knows, in addition to English and his native tongue, Arabic, Turkish, Russian, Hebrew, Greek, German, French and Italian—some more perfectly than others, but, in most cases, so that he can read and write and speak them with ease and accuracy. Nor is it merely a parrot-like faculty of imitation, for he has deep perception of their genius and affinities, and in some instances a fair, and in others a profound acquaintance with their literature.

The native tongue of the people of Bornou is called Kanouri; but those of some education all learn Arabic, and that language Said acquired while yet a boy. He says that his nation has a considerable manuscript literature written in the Arabic. While in Constantinople he became perfectly familiar with the Turkish, and during his service with Prince Menzikoff in Russia he acquired the Russian. Then when he came to travel over the different countries of Europe with the Prince's son, he made himself acquainted with the language of each. But what is remarkable is that in the acquisition of every language he was self-taught. After picking up what he could orally, it was his habit to get a grammar and vocabulary, and thus perfect himself. In this way he taught himself German, French, and Italian. English he first learnt on the continent by the use of a polyglot French, German, and English vocabulary; and though he afterwards resided in England, his mode of speaking our language shows, in a slight accent, his continental training. His latest linguistic acquisition is the Hebrew. Having a few months ago expressed a great desire to study that tongue, some of his friends provided him with a grammar, dictionary, and Bible, with which he has since been diligently at work, and his progress has been very remarkable. One of his acquaintances recently picked up at a book-stall a work in a strange character, and fancying it to be Hebrew, he submitted it to Said; but the latter perceived it to be Aramaic, and such was his knowledge of the genius of the Semitic tongue, derived from his studies in Hebrew and Arabic, that he was able readily to make out its general sense.

While in the army Said fell in with some of the books of Swedenborg, and the reading of these made a complete transformation in his inner nature. Gifted with those subtle intuitions which some of the Melanic races show, he found that the divinations of the Swedish seer responded to all that was most intimate in his spiritual being. He became an ardent disciple of the new church. He found the affirmation of Swedenborg's doctrines not in any mere external authority, but in his inner consciousness, in his own profoundest experiences. He "*knows* that Swedenborg is right," and he told me, with a modest awe, that "sees the spiritual world much more clearly than the natural world," relating in illustration many visions similar to those of Swedenborg. After he had undergone what he calls the "process of regeneration," he discovered that all his intellectual tastes had changed. He was formerly very fond of miscellaneous literature, and in France had read all the novelists. But he now thinks he will never more be interested in anything but Swedenborg's books. He has read them all except the scientific works (the Animal Kingdom and the Economy of the Animal Kingdom), which he expressed himself very anxious to see.

I have already mentioned that Said is teaching school down on one of the Sea Islands. In this I am told he has been wonderfully successful. Even adult and aged blacks learn to read with marvellous rapidity under his tuition, which is novel in its character and adapted to the race, which he claims to be largely intuitional and to be reached by the deductive rather than the inductive methods. From the list of registers published the other day I observed that Gen. Sickles has appointed him on the board for the parish in which he lives. I had from him many interesting reviews regarding the negroes of the Sea Islands, who, from their long segregation and absence of contact with civilized whites, are certainly of a much lower and even different type from what one commonly finds throughout the south. He says that in many respects they are lower in the scale of civilization than the native Africans. He has some misgivings as to the workings of universal suffrage among them, and thinks it would have been well to have required an education qualification. When I asked him what the negro religion meant, he remarked that so far as he could see there is "nothing spiritual about it—it is mainly animal magnetism or a morbid condition of the nerves."

I might extend this account out in many interesting details, but let these suffice. If you remember, the Abbe Gregoire last century published a work on famous negroes. I think Said well deserves to figure in the catalogue of *Les Noires Celebres*.

INTEMPERANCE AMONG ENGLISHWOMEN.

From the Saturday Review.

THE most remarkable thing, however, about the spread of a taste for stimulants is its extension to ladies. If one's own observation did not serve to disclose the fact, the *Lancet* assures us that women are falling into habits of drinking, not less fatally than men. But we might very well have found this out without reading a medical newspaper. Any philosopher who chooses to go to a ball, and take his stand near the buffet, or survey the supper-table with an observant eye, will see that the old-fashioned beverages which cooled but not inebrinted are indeed supplied, just for form's sake, but that they have entirely lost their ancient popularity. He will see young women dash off as much champagne and claret-cup, in the course of a single lively evening, as would have more than sufficed their grandmothers for a month. The ease and familiarity with which they drink is worthy of the most accomplished frequenter of a New York bar. That the results are not more astonishing than they are is in itself a most satisfactory proof of a seasoned head. At dinner one may notice the same taste for stimulants. The afternoon tea is beginning to be tea and something else. It is rumored, no doubt to some married Clodius who has abused its position to peep in upon the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, that even the taste of spirit is not absolutely unknown to fair lips. Even the youngest matrons have begun to feel the necessity of that brandy and water which is prescribed for their overtasked lords. They, too, have become persuaded, to use the doctorinal phrase, of the necessity of keeping up the system. A woman who has been a mother a twelvemonth, if she has got within earshot of a plausible and sympathetic physician, soon catches the cant about the disorders of our day being characteristically disorders of the low type. In alarm lest she should bring up an enfeebled offspring, she flies to the usual spirituous tonics. Brandy-and-water at bedtime is the great disinfectant against the grievous evils of our civilization. It is the supposed secret of a genial life and a vigorous progeny. The consequences of this alcoholic panic among women are obviously more objectionable than its consequences among men. For women, as a rule, are a little idle and a little vacant. The women who take wine most liberally are commonly the most idle and the most vacant of all. The effect of stimulants upon people with active interests is bad enough in one way; its effect upon people without active interests is more than bad enough in another way. If ladies had their "rights," and so were allowed to work more, then they might also be permitted to drink more. But to stimulate people, and then to provide them with no proper field for their stimulated condition, is about as certain and infallible a process for bringing them forward in the way which they should not go as we can think of. The topic is not a particularly pleasant one for husbands and brothers, and unless doctors pull up in their zeal for strong and blood-heating drinks, it is likely to grow more and more unpleasant. Even children, like their elders, are presumed to suffer from low tone. They too require wine and malt liquor, and what they are thus supposed to require they have given to them in appalling abundance.

It is possible that this spreading taste for much strong drink may be in some measure a product of the salutary reaction against asceticism in all its forms. If so, it would be a very evil accident of a very wholesome movement. For to abandon an ascetic life is not to seek a life bristling with artificial excitement. It is possible to avoid asceticism without sacrificing that natural simplicity which is the perfection of living. People who are constantly supposting the hurry and press of their lives—or, as in the case of so many women, supporting their heavier burden of vacancy and *ennui*—by stimulants, slowly increasing in quantity, are placing simplicity of life beyond their reach. If men worked a little less, and women a little more, and were able to rise a little nearer to the old poetic ideal of "plain living and high thinking," they would find themselves quite braced enough in tone to withstand the characteristic disorders of the time. Anyhow, it is pretty certain that alcohol begets, in both sexes, quite as many characteristic disorders of its own as those which it is assumed to correct.

THE VOICELESS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few may touch the magic string,
And noisy fame be proud to win them;
Alas, for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Where song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sleep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard willow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses.
If singing breath or echoing chord,
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven!

ENGLISH PUBLIC OPINION.

I HAVE told you what public opinion is worth in England. Does it not on certain occasions make its power too greatly felt? I fear it does. In France public opinion is the asylum in which freedom, hunted out of institutions, finds shelter; in England it is the fortress where despotism, hunted out of institutions, sometimes fixes its abode. Why keep it secret, or how deny the fact? Public opinion in England is a power which in truth has nothing in common with that which governments are wont to arm themselves withal against aught that annoys them; but which weighs none the less unkindly on the thinker and the philosopher, discouraging and morally chastising every bold initiative, clipping the wings of every spirit that would rise into unknown regions, and promising the joys of gratified ambition only to those who are content to walk in the beaten paths. Public opinion in England! Woe to him who defies it! There will be invoked against him no text of law; before no court will he be taken; there will be started after him no police officers, no gendarmes; but he will run the risk of dying for want of air, and of disappearing crushed by the weight of indifference or of scorn! In France, when M. Proudhon launched his book La Prowrieté, c'est le Vol, many were wroth, many cried out against it, but all that only gave the work a great success. In England neither ministers, nor law-givers, nor judges, nor policemen, would have had to mix themselves up in the matter; but the book would probably have found no one curious to read it, no one willing to publish in, and perhaps no one who would agree to print it. To sacrifice your own opinions to public opinion is in France considered a blamable weakness on the part of a politician. In England His Majesty's Public Opinion smiles on such sacrifices as the homage due to himself. . . . . The inevitable result of this too absolute sway of public opinion is to pass under the dull gauge of uniformity, not only ideas, but tastes, usages, habits. Even in the smallest trifles people in England are not entirely their own masters. I know a Frenchman who cannot without discomfort keep his hat upon his head. Well! he has never chanced to go up the street, hat in hand, without immediately becoming the jest of passers-by. Such, too, was the lot, as I remember, of every foreigner with a moustache before the Crimean war; that is to to say, before the Irishman Russell had written to the *Times*, whose correspondent he was, that besides the bearded warriors sent forth by Letetia, the smooth-skinned men of Albion produced upon the Turks the effect of rope-dancers. At that time whoever broke the laws of respectability with reference to his upper lip and chin made himself liable to be refused employment in any warehouse, if he wished to learn a trade; to get no pupils, if he was a teacher; to tout for customers, if he opened a shop.—*Louis Blanc.*

LANGLEY LANE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley lane, in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelor buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now in Summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running, many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to sit and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older, by summers three;
Why shouldn't we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water cart's splash or the milkman's call?
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum afly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all?

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and blue fly murmur low,
And I hear the water cart go by,
With its cool splash, splash down the rusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue
When it stirs on my palm, for the love of me?
Hath not my soul any eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as I pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep in God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago!
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Tho' if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the bee;
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's Heaven more strange and near.

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear,
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny, my little one, always near;
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then? since we hold ore another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot see,
And the pleasure that only one can hear.

THE EXCISE LAW AND THE INCOME TAX.

IT is notorious that the frauds against the Liquor Excise are enormous; that the portion that pays its excise is comparatively small; that whiskey can be bought in market in any quantity at prices below the tax; that when offered for sale by the government, even the price of the tax cannot be had for it. It is known that the condition of affairs is as bad as possible; that no honest man can continue in the business without ruin; that the demoralization produced is excessive; that the officials appointed by the government have been in a great many cases leagued with the distillers; that the losses of revenue are enormous; so great indeed that the amount out of which the government is defrauded might, if collected, take the place of the odious Income Tax, and leave the revenue undiminished.

In a word, it may be said that the state of the case here and in the neighboring States might be supposed to be as bad as it could be, were it not seen to be even worse in the rebel States, where scarcely a pretence of attempting to collect this excise is made. The attempts which have been made to enforce the collection of this excise have been, up to the present time, so utterly futile (as proved by the current price of distilled spirits) that it is worth while to look around and see if no better method of raising a revenue out of this traffic can be devised. In this view we make the following suggestions, for consideration.

Suppose the government, instead of taxing the produce, were to levy its tax upon the retailer; *he* could not easily escape. Suppose the revenue law altered so as to impose a tax on all persons licensed to sell by any State. Let the retailers be classified into several classes, and a national tax of $200 per annum be imposed on the lower grade; of $400 upon the second grade, and of $700 upon the largest dealers. This either to take the place of all tax on distillation, or that excise to be reduced to something moderate, such for example, as 25c. per gallon.

No national law could be suffered to force the selling of liquor into States which have the good sense to exclude it entirely. The national government could therefore not properly grant licenses. This it is the function of the State government to concede or deny. But the national government can *tax the sale* of liquor when so made under a State law, and can make that tax so heavy as to yield an equal sum to that which any excise system, even well-administered, could produce.

The advantages of this plan seem evident. The quantity of whiskey which a distiller produces can never be estimated with exactness; but the fact as to whether a man deals or not in liquor can always be settled at once. Moreover, the tax may be required to be paid in advance, before taking out the State license, or if the law were to provide that those persons whose business fell within the two lower rates above named, should be compelled to pay the highest for default of taking out their proper license and making payment of the tax, it is probable that few would run so great a risk.

Various incidental benefits would accompany this reform. Some branches of industry, in which spirits are used, are greatly oppressed by the heavy rates of taxation upon alcohol. Of these may be cited the varnish manufacturers, the photographers, the manufacturers of medicinal tinctures, etc. The last mentioned class of products are said greatly to have deteriorated since the new excise law came into force.

If anything can render a reform necessary, it would certainly be such a state of affairs as now exists. Fraud, perjury and collusion reign supreme. The futile efforts to collect the tax almost excite ridicule, and it is precisely those who see and understand most of what is now passing, who are most hopeless of making the present system work. We ask, therefore, for the careful consideration of this proposition, and we trust, meantime, that our Grand Juries will not only bring distillers, but colluding officials before our courts, and that both may receive such punishment as will make others pause in their career of fraud.

BRIGANDAGE IN GREECE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Argos, under date of July 10, gives the following particulars of the atrocities of the Greek brigands, against whom that section of the country has become thoroughly aroused, and for whose extermination large sums are offered by the government:

Recent experience has given me some insight into the matter of "brigandage." Indeed, my movements have been somewhat modified by the actions of the handful of desperate ruffians who infest the neighborhood, and represent the once honorable profession of klepts or highwaymen. It has long been notorious that no man known to have property can safely travel in any part of Continental Greece. Brigands infest all the roads, and have dared to appear even upon the one between Athens and its Bot Biacus, which is only five miles long, and so thronged by vehicles that it may be called a street. Not long ago they lay in wait there for the rich and influential Callurgi; but mistaking their man, seized a French officer and carried him off to their mountain haunts. They were mortified by their blunder, but would not give up their prisoner until they had extorted a ransom of about $5,000.

They once pounced upon a rich man in his garden in the outskirts of Athens, and held him until ransomed for a large sum. They have done the same in other large places. They usually, however, contrive to discover when a person of propriety or influence is about to journey, and how strong is to be his escort. They then lie in wait upon some advantageous post upon the high road, pounce upon him suddenly, and overpower him by superior force. They carry him off to the mountains, and keep him under guard in some cavern, fix a sum for his ransom, varying from a thousand to ten or twelve thousand dollars, according to his means; and they always get it; they open negotiations by sending a private messenger to his friends, who informs them that the prisoner will be well treated for a certain time; that if the ransom is paid he will be instantly liberated; but that if the messenger is molested or any treachery attempted, the prisoner will be instantly shot. They have so invariably kept faith in both these respects that they can be relied upon.

If they find they have overvalued their prize, they will negotiate for a smaller ranson. As soon as this is put within their reach, they shave and wash the prisoner, give him escort to the high road, supply him with money enough to pay his expenses, and kindly wish him a safe journey and happy return to his friends. On the other hand, where their messenger has been maltreated, or bad faith suspected, they have ruthlessly shot their innocent victim. Sometimes they have carried off the children of rich men. In all cases the uncertainty about the prisoner's fate is so harrowing to their friends, that they strain every nerve to raise the ransom. Some families have been ruined by these means. I have had personal knowledge, not only of many cases where persons were deterred from undertaking excursions of a few miles into the country, but where native traders chose to wait whole days for a boat to carry them from one point to another, rather than venture a land journey of two hours.

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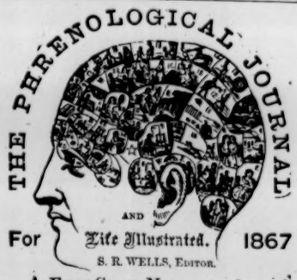

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